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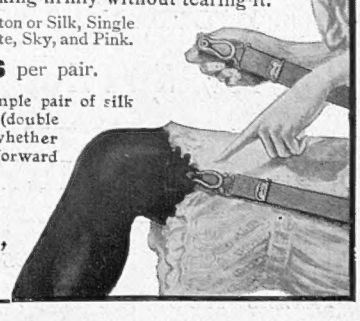

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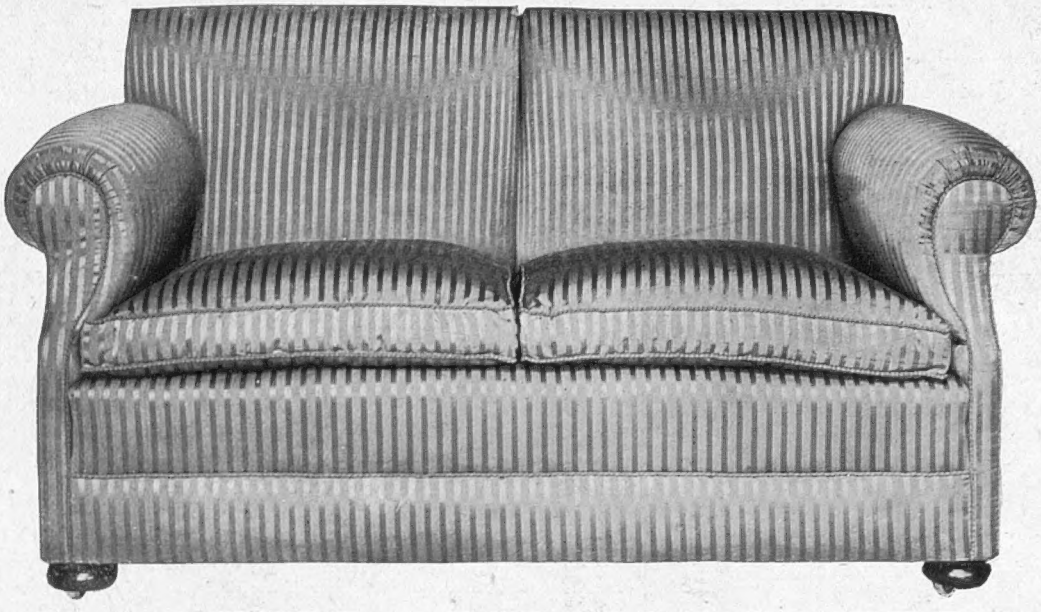

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The Bystander, March 29, 1911

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Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN

The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, who a little while ago said, "Do I look like a Peer?" has now, whether he looks it or not, had to become one. He has the satisfaction of knowing that "he may not long remain." As Leader of the House of Lords he will, however, have the manœuvring of the Veto Bill through that Chamber, and the spectacle promises to be very entertaining

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "BY GEORGE!" NEW CORONATION REVUE, "SHIP AHOY," LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren, etc. NAVAL BARRACKS, SHOTLEY, ON BIOSCOPE, etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Manager: ARTHUR ALDIN.

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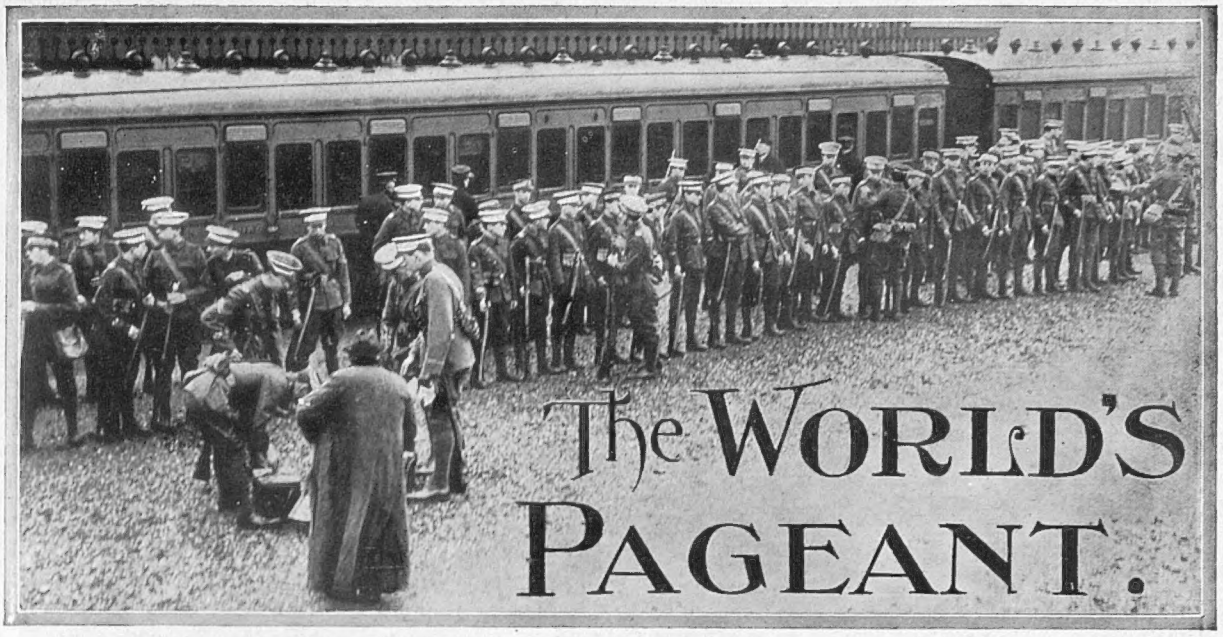


The WORLD'S PAGEANT.

The Public Schoolmen Take the Field: The Sherborne College Contingent of the Officers Training Corps Detraining at Ludgershall, Wilts

Royalty Yesterday—

THERE is, perhaps, no greater proof of the immense difference between the Courts of to-day and yesterday than lies in a recital of the daily doings of the present King as contrasted with those of the late Sovereign. At this time of the year, during the Edwardian era, the Court Circulars had only such items to chronicle as race-meetings, motor-excursions, trips to Brighton, parties at Biarritz, etc., etc.

—And To-day

In their place to-day we read of visits to the National Gallery, the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, Hampstead Garden Suburb, the General Post Office, etc., etc., to all of which instructive rather than amusing resorts the King is invariably accompanied by the Queen, whose interests are of a far more serious nature than those of her amiable predecessor.

At Sea

The King and Queen are expected to spend the week-end on board the Royal yacht in Dartmouth Harbour, after which—though it is unsafe to prophesy Her Majesty's movements more than a day or two ahead—it is possible the *Victoria and Albert* may proceed to the Mediterranean, taking Queen Alexandra on her annual spring cruise, in the midst of which, at Venice, she was last year recalled to the deathbed of the King. Next week Queen Mary will drive to the Town Hall, Kensington, to receive an address from the Mayor, and will also visit the Cripples' Home.

Lancing Boys on Laffan's Plain

Lancing College contingent holds a canal from trenches on the banks

The May Courts

No fewer than four Courts, the first two on consecutive nights, are to be held during May, the chief Royal event of which merrie month is the coming of the Kaiser for the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial. Their Majesties early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise propensities are well known. No surprise has, therefore, been expressed at the announcement that Courts in future will be held at 9.30 instead of 10.30, though, owing to the necessity of taking one's place early in the Mall *queue*, the new hour will somewhat seriously interfere with some of our dinners.

A Dance Matinée

Tickets for the Duchess of Somerset's dance *matinée* at the Globe on Friday are, I am requested to announce, to be obtained only from her Grace at 35, Grosvenor Square, or at the theatre. The *matinée* is in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, a charity in which the Duchess is much interested, and as Lydia Kyasht and Phyllis Bedells are to dance, Lady Tree and Miss Marie Löhr to act, and a Guy de Maupassant episode to be presented, the always satisfactory process of killing two birds with one stone should, on this particular occasion, when one of the birds is a charity one and the other our own pleasure, prove more satisfactory even than usual.

April Parties

Few dances are as yet announced, though there are literally dozens of weddings fixed to take place during

the two weeks of April that remain after Easter. There is, however, a lot of racing, the Grand Opera season opens on the 22nd, and the dance which the 1st Life Guards are giving at the Ritz is a much-sought-after affair, which has proved, on former occasions, one of the successes of the season.

The Royal Automobile Club

One of the favourite diversions of the moment is, by the way, to turn into the new R.A.C. to have a look round. I hear that the greater portion of the gallant six or seven thousand whose names are inscribed on the Club books have been positively dazzled with delight on getting witness with their very own eyes of the opulent splendours provided for them. Others, in a way the perfect clubbites, have complained that there seemed rather too many "others" about—a small matter which, without hurting the feelings of the six thousand or so "others," may, nevertheless, be a little, as *Punch* would say, diffy to rectify.

Photograph *L.N.A.*
Mr. R. A. Sanders, M.P.

Photograph *Lafayette*
Mr. Wilfred Ashley, M.P.

THE NEW UNIONIST WHIPS

Upon whom will rest the heavy responsibility of assisting the Chief Whip to keep the Unionist pack in order during the coming troublous times

Teatime

After Sunday next lady visitors will be admitted to the Club as guests, and tea on the terrace overlooking the sylvan glades of St. James's Park and the mist-veiled towers of Westminister will be a special Club feature. If I might so far presume as to offer advice to the great and only M. Menager, King of the R.A.C. Kitchens, I would humbly suggest that in this respect he "lay himself out," as the vulgar have it, over cakes and ices and things. The Piccadilly clubs, not to mention the ever-popular Palm Room at the Carlton, are formidable rivals in the afternoon-tea world, and the sex, he must remember, are inveterate Tories.

One Out of Twenty-Six!

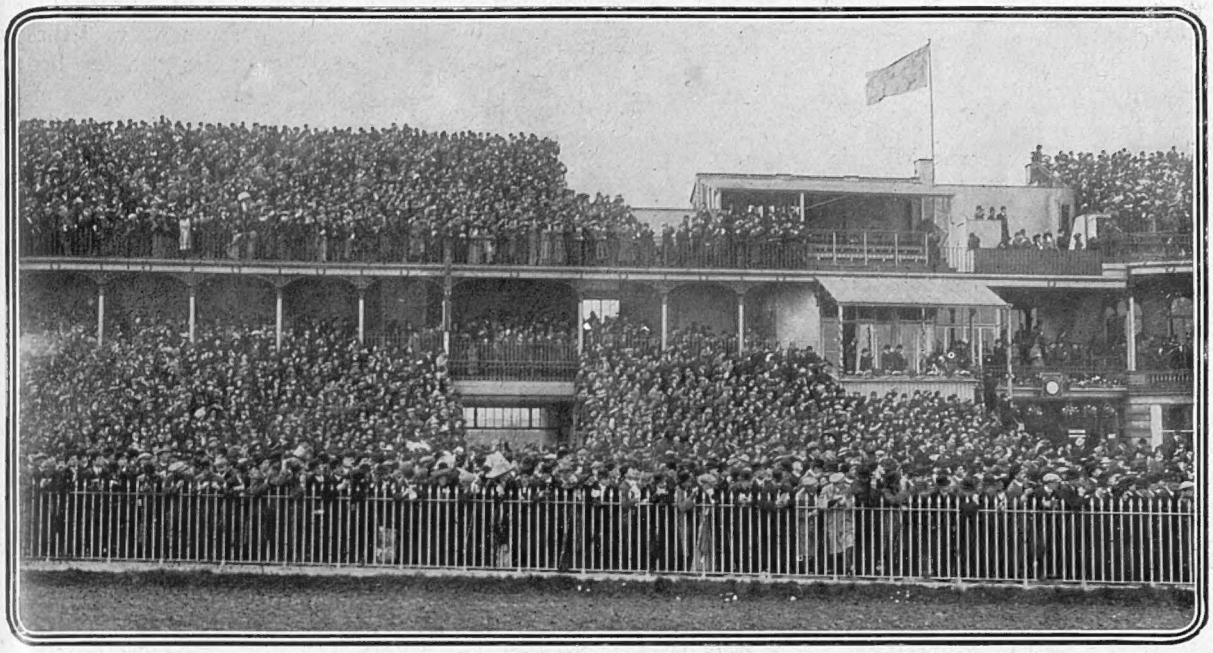
The Grand National at Aintree is, beyond all question, the finest sporting spectacle in the world, and it is not surprising that the attendances at Aintree increase enormously year by year. It is grievous news to hear that this year's race was spoilt by bad jockeyship. Every horse except the winner either fell or refused, and only four horses out of twenty-six finished. The jockeys seem to have lost their heads and raced from the start as if they were doing five furlongs on the flat. The one gratifying feature is that the race was won by a gentleman jockey, the only one to keep his horse standing-up right through the arduous four and a half miles. Lord and Lady Derby's party included Prince Arthur of Connaught (the Royal Standard flying over Lord Derby's private stand), and others present were Lord and Lady Essex, Lord Sefton, Lord and Lady Dalmeny, and Lord and Lady Worsley.

The Grand National Field at Becher's Brook

Becher's Brook is a thorn fence packed with spruce 4 ft. 8 in. high, 2 ft. wide, with a natural brook on the far side 6 ft. 6 in. wide. Several horses came to grief here, including the hot favourite, Lutteur III., who was baulked by a riderless horse. Two or three of the latter gentlemen may be seen in the photograph. They succeeded admirably in spoiling the race

No. 13 Wins on a Friday!

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS DEMOLISHED BY THE RESULT OF THE GRAND NATIONAL



General View of the Stands at Aintree

The attendance is officially stated to be the largest ever known at the National, and the crowds of racegoers, notoriously superstitious, must have been very shocked to find a horse marked "13" on the card win on a Friday. The stands and rings were very closely packed, and it was almost impossible to move in the paddock. The weather was delightfully sunny, so that all the incidents of an extraordinary race could be clearly seen

Winning the National by a "Street": A Remarkable Picture of the Finish

Our photograph shows Mr. Bibby's Glenside (No. 13 on the card), ridden by Mr. J. R. Anthony, winning from Mr. O. H. Jones's Rathnally (Chadwick up) and Mr. Nelke's Shady Girl (Clancy up). Glenside is said to have won by twenty lengths, but that seems a very modest estimate if we may judge from the photograph. He was the only horse in the race who made no mistake, such a thing never having happened before

So Glad to Help

When Lord Kitchener's Coronation appointment was first announced, we prophesied his subsequent filling of the posts of Chief Inspector of Police, Captain of the London Fire Brigade, Chief Conservative Agent, and ex-Field-Marshal on the staff of *John Bull*. This was intended humorously. That there was a serious side to the question we were duly reminded by *Punch* the following week, which announced that his Lordship was to be appointed to an adjutancy in the Territorials! We have once or twice before had the honour of providing a basis for Mr. Punch's jokes, and are glad now to have anticipated one of his weightier utterances, and thereby to have reached, in spirit though not in name, that Mecca of bright thoughts, the "World's Press" column of the *Daily Mail*.

Photograph *Beresford*

Mr. F. W. S. M'Laren, M.P.

For the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, who is engaged to Miss Barbara Jekyll. He is the younger son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles M'Laren, Bart.

The Spoils of War

Lord Haldane! The first of the five hundred? The spyer out of the promised land? [I had written "Boy Scout," but only a cartoonist could do justice to that picture.]

Photograph *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Barbara Jekyll

Daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll and a sister of Mrs. McKenna, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty

An Explanation

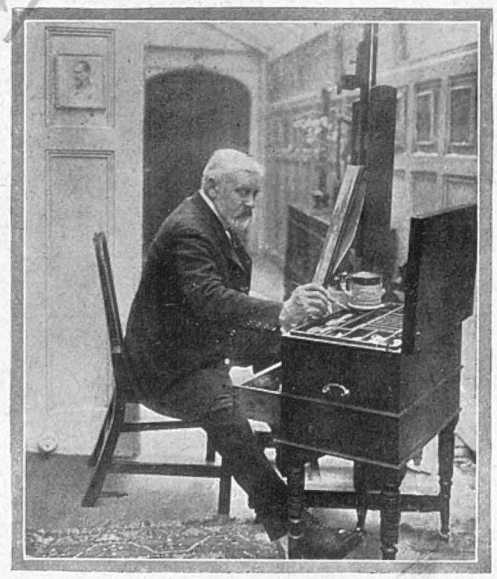
Mr. Walter S. B. Maclaren, M.P. (Crewe), is no believer in divisions. "The mere record of divisions," he writes, "does not count for much, when, for example, there were twenty-seven at the recent all-night sitting, nearly every one of which might just as well have been avoided." I quite agree. Nothing was farther from my mind, in our Parliamentary Competition, than to belaud automatic Lobby-walking, or any other of the processes of the Party System. We came not to praise Cæsar, but to bury him. The worse a Member is to his Whips, the better, very likely, to his constituents, and as for speeches, it is impossible to estimate the service which many M.P.'s perform to the Empire by silence.

The Business House

That was a biting irony on the so-called People's Chamber which Lord Eversley perpetrated when, in the Lords last week, he—a Lord—introduced into the Hereditary Feudal House of Landlords the Public Rights of Way Bill. It had been before the Commons for seven years; three times had it been read a second time, and twice considered by Grand Committee, but, though supported on both sides, there it had stuck, and there it would have continued to stick but for the bloated hereditary tyrants. In the Lords, after an hour or two's debate, it passed with hardly a murmur. Just think of it! The People's House so busy that, for the protection of our common rights to walk on the earth, the People have to thank the Peers. Further comment is needless.

The Georgeless Cabinet

Whether or not the rumours of Mr. George's retirement are well-founded, the circumstances of his present position excite general comment. The Chancellor has observed a deeper silence than is explained by even throat trouble. A statesman *anxious* to keep himself before the public can always be interviewed, or write a letter to a correspondent, or be referred to conspicuously by a Cabinet colleague. Naturally, from the absence of all such communications, people have drawn the conclusion that Mr. George contemplates retirement, and that political reasons, as well as those of health, are suspected to be the cause. The Government ship will not sail more smoothly without its first mate. However much Mr. George irritated his opponents, he rallied his supporters as does no other Minister. Mr. Asquith is too grim and brusque; Mr. Churchill too much lacking in tact; Sir E. Grey too reticent; Mr. McKenna too stiff; Mr. Haldane too windy; and Mr. Birrell too jocular; Mr. Burns keeps his own counsel; and Mr. Runciman fails to keep his own temper. Altogether, life has not been pleasant for Ministers this Session. The Opposition rank and file, on the other hand, show signs of renewed life.



The New R.A.: Mr. Alfred Parsons

This famous landscape painter was once a clerk in the Post Office. One of his best-known pictures is "When Nature Painted All Things Gay," bought by the Chantrey Fund. He has done some very beautiful book illustrations

The Site of the King Edward Memorial

A SCENE WHICH, WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR, IS NOT TO BE "SPOLIATED"

THE ORNAMENTAL WATER

ST. JAMES'S PARK

WITH absolute horror was it first heard that the eminent noblemen and gentlemen of the King Edward Memorial Committee had decided to remove the old bridge across the ornamental water in St. James's Park, one of the most adorable urban landscapes in the whole world, in order to run across the park a "stately avenue," at the head of which would appear the proposed statue.

St. James's Park has already lost much of its old character by the erection of the Processional Way, which was necessary. But the proposed Avenue was not necessary, and to build it just because no other place had been discovered for the statue would have been a monumental piece of wrongdoing. To loiter on the bridge and admire the foliage, the water, the fowls, and the great city beyond is one of the pleasantest and most poetical of London's pleasures. Since the publication of the report, however, it has been explained that the "avenue" will be only a footpath, and not open to vehicular traffic. For which relief, much thanks!

THE OLD BRIDGE, ST. JAMES'S PARK

Photographs *Photochrom Co., Ltd.*

TWO VIEWS OF ONE OF LONDON'S LOVELIEST LANDSCAPES

The site of the proposed statue is at the head of the path on the right of the first photograph, viz., Marlborough Gate. How the path is to be "widened" without destroying the charm of the picture inspires an uncomfortable curiosity

Again, the Busybody!

In Wednesday's papers appeared a somewhat arrogant, not to say offensive, letter, signed by a bevy of superior noblemen, a few M.P.'s, and a large number of schoolmasters, on the subject of "Impure Fiction." Their attention had lately been drawn to the "character of certain novels issued by publishers of repute . . . unfit for the perusal of any modest girl or right-minded lad . . . debasing and demoralising . . . law requires strengthening to prevent circulation . . . earnestly appeal to parents, schoolmasters . . . association may be formed . . . wholesome pressure brought to bear on publishers, libraries, bookstalls, etc., etc."

Advice and Warning

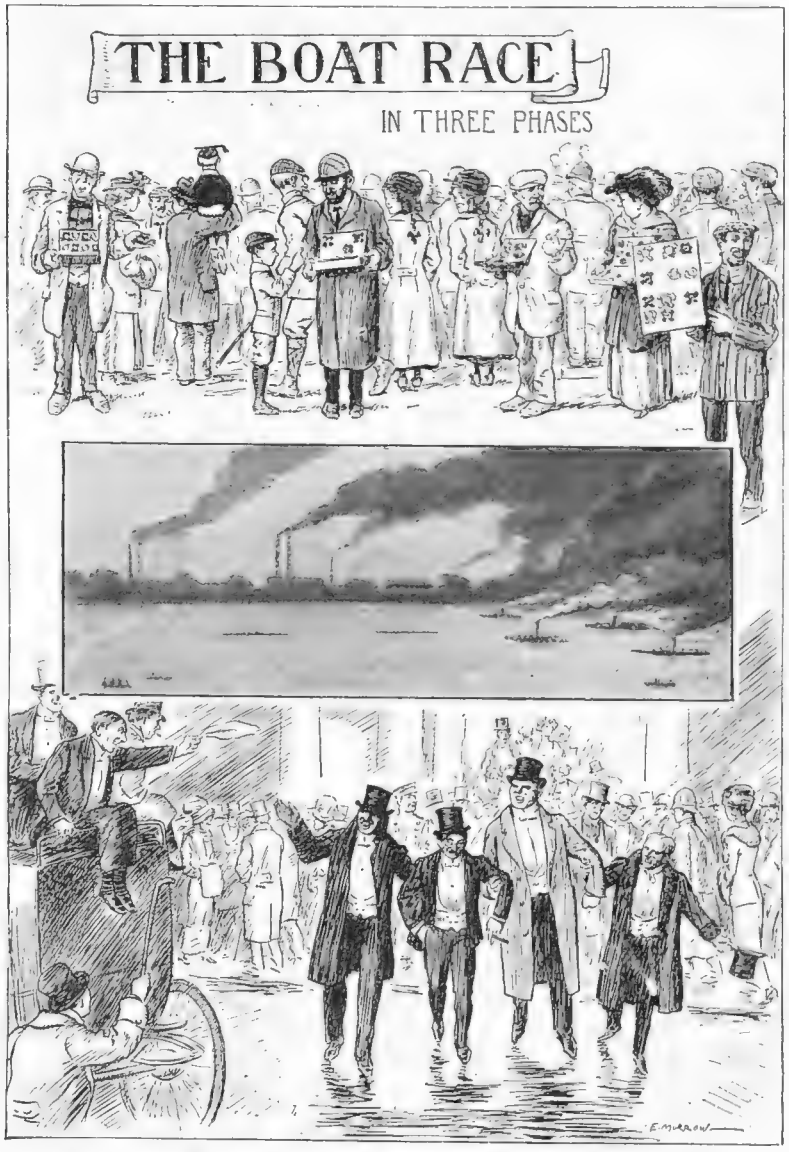
I suggest that the purification of literature is a matter best left to writers and readers and the law of supply and demand, and that any attempt on the part of Superior Persons to hector and bully the one as to what he shall write and the other as to what he shall read will fail to an extent that will surprise my peer, Parliamentary, and pedagogic friends. That "pure fiction" is needed I admit, but the way to secure it is not to found an association of busybodies, hardly one of whom possesses any literary reputation, but to appeal direct to the reading public itself. If the literary taste of the day is vitiated, the blame rests upon the conditions of social life which cause men and women to seek sensational recreations. But *is* it vitiated? Is it not the fact that, thanks to the surfeit of impure fiction, the public is itself demanding a "higher standard"? Such a movement was clearly shown in the valuable correspondence which reached us in our "Sex and the Short Story" discussion, of which we have taken due note. Attempts at an arbitrary censorship by peers, Parliamentarians, and pedagogues will only stimulate resentment, and arouse opposition, and if it is attempted these personages will find a healthier fighting spirit than ever before among writers, readers, publishers, and editors of to-day.

Mylius: A Plea for Reprieve

This individual has now served two out of his twelve months' imprisonment for libelling the King. He has probably realised fully the falsity of his writings, and the power of the law to punish. Would it not be a gracious act on the King's part to release Mylius, binding him to future good behaviour by making him liable to serve the rest of his sentence when called upon?

A Musical Lament

"What has come over Sir Henry Wood?" asks a correspondent. "Nowadays, at the Queen's Hall, a new work, or even an unfamiliar old one, is rarely if ever heard. People are tired to death of concert-room Wagner excerpts, such as formed five out of seven of the items of last Saturday's concert. Beethoven's and Tschaikovsky's symphonies deserve a rest, and the musical public, if it cannot hear *good* novelties, would like revived the symphonic masterpieces of—say—Brahms, Schumann, Berlioz, Dvorák, Rubinstein, Raff, Gade, Goetz, and how ever many others that nowadays rarely receive a hearing? Are our conductors lazy, or what is it? Is there not room for a new musical movement, and who will start it?" I certainly agree with my correspondent that something should be done to brighten up London's musical repertories. Many men and women, who, in other days, were never absent from Saturday Concerts, are nowadays never present at them. This looks like bad business on the part of somebody.



A SATIRE BY EDWARD MORROW

Hants (Petersfield): A Correction

The Member for this division of Hampshire, Mr. W. G. Nicholson, took part in more divisions than any other Hampshire County Member, with the exception of the Member for the New Forest division—that is 84. Mr. Nicholson's record had not been ascertained by us at the moment of going to press with our Blue Paper, but we are very pleased now to give publicity to the facts concerning him.

The Battle of the Strong

THEIR HEADS—AND MAY THEY KEEP THEM!

L. G. Wormald, Eton and Magdalen (Two)

C. E. Tinné, Eton and University (Bow)

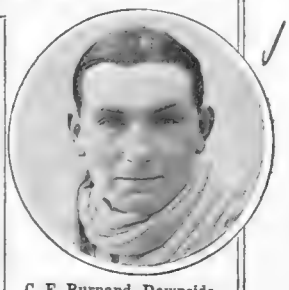
C. A. Skinner, Durban High School and Jesus (Camb. Cox)

P. G. Van der Byl, Dio. C. Rondebosch, & Pem. (Two)

F. E. Hellyer, Winchester and First Trinity (Three)

R. E. Burgess, Eton and Magdalen (Three)

H. B. Wells Winchester and Magdalen, Oxford (Cox)



C. F. Burnand, Downside and First Trinity (Four)

E. Millington-Drake, Eton and Magdalen (Four)

R. Le Blanc Smith, Eton and Third Trinity (Five)

C. W. B. Littlejohn, Melbourne University and New College (Five)

J. B. Rosher, Charterhouse and First Trinity (Six)

A. S. Garton, Eton and Magdalen (Six)

G. E. Fairbairn, Eton and Jesus (Seven)

D. Mackinnon, Rugby and Magdalen (Seven)

OXFORD CREW.

R. C. Bourne, Eton and New College (Stroke)

S. E. Swann, Rugby and Trinity Hall (Bow)

R. W. M. Arbuthnot, Eton and Third Trinity (Stroke)

CAMBRIDGE CREW.

THIS is the one week of the year when every Bri-ton is a wet-bob, whatever he may be in the other fifty-one. Test matches, Cup ties, interest glove fights thousands, but the Boat Race, like the Derby, interests everybody. The very simplicity of its title shows this It is *the* one boat race that matters. This week the man in the train, whose knowledge of aquatics does not extend beyond a casual visit to the towpath at Hampton Court on a Bank Holiday, is heard gravely expressing a doubt as to whether a certain man in the Cambridge boat "gets on to it" quite soon enough, and deploring the fact that one of the Oxford crew has lately developed an alarming tendency to "wash out." The Press, with its finger, as ever, on the popular pulse, panders to the prevailing epidemic, and "turns on" special correspondents whose effusions often bear unmistakable traces that they, too, are wet-bobs for this occasion only. The other day one of these enterprising young men made the interesting discovery that Cambridge is the heaviest crew that has ever rowed in the race, and duly announced it in the columns of his paper. In his innocence he had adopted the ingenious but mistaken plan of including in his computation the weight of the cox! But, after all, these little slips only make for hilarity, and are soon forgotten in the fascinating sport of comparing the times done by the rivals in practice over the full course and various portions of it. How fallacious these comparisons are apt to be rowing men know too well. The safest tip is: "Follow the betting." It is almost invariably right.

Graphological Inexactitudes

By HILL ROWAN

(Lady Selborne created a sensation by publishing in the "Times" a letter supposed to have been written her on the Suffragette question by Lady Constance Lytton, which turned out not to have been written by her at all. Lady Constance, however, acknowledged that it represented her views, and praises Lady Selborne's "delicate sense of honour" in publishing it. We subjoin a few communications obtained in an equally reliable manner.)

MS. I.—The following letter has been received by Mr. Lloyd George from the Premier.—"Wonderful how bluff and brag will get a man on! Who would ever have heard of Churchill if he had stuck to his principles as an aristocrat and a Tory, and had not had the gumption to pose as the working-man's friend? Business push, self-satisfaction, and self-advertisement—without these he would have remained a good, second-rate hack all his time, for has he shown a glimpse of genius? By the way, couldn't *you* give us a leg up in the matter of cold-shouldering him? Think it over." (The Prime Minister denies actually having written this letter, and thinks Mr. Lloyd George premature in sending it to the *Times* for publication, yet he acknowledges that it represents very closely his real attitude, and praises the Chancellor's manly common-sense and patriotism in making known the situation.)

MS. II.—Private letter addressed to Mr. Ginnell from the German Chancellor, which the hon. member has startled the House by publishing in a newspaper.—"Push on this idea of international disarmament by all means. Meantime we shall hurry with the building of our rapidly-to-be-increased and shortly-to-attain-the-two-Power-standard Navy, and by the end of 1913 we count on blowing your never-sufficiently-to-be-detested fleets out of the water. With profound assurances of my wishes for your approaching downfall, etc., etc." (Mr. Ginnell explains that, though what he has published is not a verbatim transcript of the letter, this is his only method of stating the real facts, as he appears to be boycotted by the Speaker.)

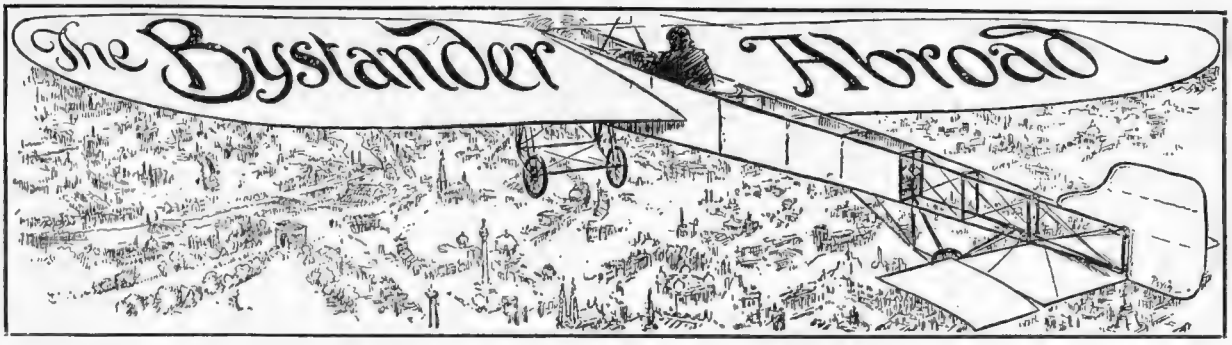
MS. III.—A cheque for £1,000, signed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been presented to Mr. David Davies, shepherd, who gives Dartmoor as his temporary address. (Mr. Davies, on being arrested, acknowledged that the document might not have been strictly accurate, and that he may have inadvertently added a few noughts. The cheque had, however, been paid him for political services of a private nature.)

MS. IV.—A fragment of a letter has been sent to the *Era*, written apparently by a prominent musical-comedy actress (although since denounced by her) and dealing with the arrangement of a tableau in a Coronation performance. It contains the remarkable lines—"heard that the idiot wanted to put me at the side. *She* is to be in the centre—with *that* profile and a figure like an ox! A bit off, isn't it? Her complexion doesn't so much matter—*that* can be made up; paint will do a lot—but that creature in the centre,—why, it will kill the show!"

MS. V.—Palimpsest recovered by office boy from the wastepaper basket of the *Daily Mail* (editorial department).—"... Standard bread.... really poison .... we all know *that*!.... you don't suppose we care what people *eat* or whether they are killed by it or not?.... they can eat brown paper or saw-dust if they like for all I care .... it's circulation we want .... doesn't matter what we talk about as long as it makes a sensation .... shall probably 'boom' white bread next year .... it would be a change, and people will have forgotten all about this absurd Standard business long before that." (It is stated that this manuscript was written simply as a guarantee of good faith, and not intended for publication. Still, it is admitted that much good has been done by making it known.)

Memorandum.—We understand that, owing to the success of the recent exposures, the *Times* intends publishing a Libel and Forgery Supplement. This will include beautiful plates reproducing alleged letters written by Miss Marie Corelli to Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Winston Churchill to Lord Kitchener, Mr. Keir Hardie to Lord Lansdowne, and photographs of the blotting paper used by "Harriet" in writing to butlers in Society houses. A large advertisement revenue should be secured from prominent people ready to pay heavily to have their letters kept out of the Supplement.

MORE ALLANLIKE THAN MAUD: MR. PÉLISSIER AS A CLASSICAL DANCER



PARIS TOPICS

From Our Own Correspondent

The King and Paris

One of the questions which seems to be asked most frequently in Paris is, "When are we to make the acquaintance of King George V.?" Everything connected with the private life of the new monarch is of the greatest interest. Men of fashion wonder whether he has his late father's taste in dress, whether he favours "the crease" down the trouser legs, which is to-day so exaggerated among smart Frenchmen, and also at what angle he wears his hat. For quite two years hats were worn tilted to one side *à l'Edouard VII.*; the late King's shooting garments were copied and sold in the Paris shops as "*chapeaux Edouard*," etc., etc.; his boots were even watched and imitated in this capital, and the fashionable men here blindly followed the late King's lead as the ladies to-day follow the dictates of Paquin, Worth, and Poiret. There is no doubt that under the influence of the late King—for that he had an influence everyone admits—Frenchmen have improved wonderfully in their manner of dressing. Formerly they were as carelessly turned-out as their wives were smart; but now—they are excessive almost to effeminacy in their attention to détails. The one point at which they kick, however, is the obligation to wear a black tie with *un smokang* and a white tie with evening dress. In this matter they have retained their freedom. Occasionally, also, a man will consider himself extremely smart in a frock-coat and yellow boots.

New Statuary in the Tuileries: "La Vérité"

What Paris Wants

But to return to the more serious side of the King's reputation in France. A visit to Paris would give a great impetus to Anglo-French relations at the present moment. In fact, one can easily see that such a visit is expected, and not to make it would cause misunderstanding, as indifference to the *entente*. The King of England has become in France a sort of compromise. The French at bottom love all the attributes of Royalty except a King for themselves, and to have a sort of pet King who does not rule over them is just what appeals to the French temperament. The late King, while most careful to observe all the public *convenances*, was the freest of men in private life, and he had many private friends in Paris, men whom he liked to meet. M. Delcassé was one of these, and while he would never have thought of calling on M. Delcassé as Foreign Minister, King Edward never failed to look him up when he had ceased to be in office. He liked this clever little man for his own sake, and was always delighted to hear his views on the international situation, and M. Delcassé, diplomat to his fingertips, never allowed the public to know that the King as a private gentleman honoured him with so much consideration.

New Statuary in the Tuileries: "Le Printemps"

France and Sir E. Grey

Sir Edward Grey's speech has been the chief subject of conversation during the past few days. Frenchmen, I must confess, do not attach much importance to declarations of a vague character. They repeat them, and grow eloquent upon them, and listen to their own fine phrases about them, but they distrust them as they do their own fine phrases. A more tangible and more really useful proposal would be a treaty for all cases between Great Britain and France, and this will, no doubt, come.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

BRITISH VICES IN FASHION

GERMANY is progressing amazingly. Examined through the glass of the Berlin Bystander's colossal national vanity, that merely means that she is aping England. This is poetic justice. While British legislators are stealing, under the name of "social legislation," all the pauperising devices with which Germany is destroying her national character, it is only fair that Germany should redress the balance by borrowing our noblest vices.

Just at present she is "boxen." "Boxen," or talking about "boxen," is the sacramental interest of all classes of society. In the crawling City Railway, in the "High and Underground," in trams, on Spree tugboats, in *cafés* and beer-gardens, you hear

Princess Victoria-Louise (centre), the Daughter of the German Emperor, on Horseback in the Tiergarten at Berlin. At the side of the Princess is Prince Oscar

an intermittent murmurous buzz about "boxen-matches," "chempions," "cleenches," "ober-cuts," and "lite-wates." Several tough-knuckled young men from Whitechapel have arrived to teach the Teuton; and one of them named Lamb—*absit* (n)*omen!*—lately left for Hamburg to instruct the dockers.

Naturally, as is always the case, political philosophers have taken up the sport, and a certain Herr Oman even proclaims that "the British Empire was founded on the black eyes of its foes." This is a figurative way of saying that hard muscles are the basis of national greatness. If that is so, Germany's prospect is not a bad one, for the Berlin Bystander lately visited a fight in Rixdorf suburb, where four young Germans made a show with their fists which would have gained applause at Wonderland. But, happily, Germany's aping of England is not confined to vulgar force; and the other more facile manifestations of British culture are absorbed with equal avidity.

According to the *Nachrichten*, of Munich, Germany is "bitten by a general craze for British manners," and is arriving near to what happier England attained at least a decade ago—"ruination of the nation's youth by demoralising bridge." It is added that bridge was first taught merely to Berlin by British diplomatists—(we now understand the success of our foreign policy.—Ed. Bystander)—but it is now rampant in Silesian *châteaux* and Rhine *burgs*, "killing sport, healthy recreation, simplicity and purity of mind, and (it is even feared) wrecking the happiness of families"; in fact, doing all the evil that it used to do about ten years ago in the columns of the *Daily Mail*.

Were the conditions reversed, the English patriotic Press would get up a magnificent scare-story, headed:

BRIDGING THE NORTH SEA!
INSIDIOUS PRELIMINARIES TO INVASION!
FIRST DEMORALISE—THEN CONQUER!

But the German is a fish-blooded creature, nowise given to scaremongering, and instead of issuing sumptuary edicts against British innovations, he prefers to discuss the worth or worthlessness of England in partially in his Law Courts, in a way which deserves description.

A certain Dr. Eissel, hailing from Bohemia, has just prosecuted in the Courts a rival who had beat him at chess for the offence of *Beleidigung*. *Beleidigung* means "offence" or "insult," and juridically it is qualified in a extraordinarily elastic way. For any epithet whatsoever by which you feel offended you can prosecute with the utmost rigour; so that daily you read of cases of hitherto stainless citizens being fined for using such abuse as "good-for-nothing," "loafer," and "sheep's-head." During last week was prosecuted a policeman for calling a man, whose address he was taking, a "fellow" (*Kerl*). Not until there had been two appeals, and trials in three different instances, was the prosecutor satisfied. The man who beat Dr. Eissel at chess was even more obscenely vituperative, for he hurled at his horrified enemy the intolerable epithet, "Englaender."

In Court Dr. Eissel characterised this insult as "severe," and declared that he was not an Englishman, and had never even been in England. He was merely an Anglomaniac, who wore English clothes, had a son at an English school, and had learned "boxen." But he was a good German by race, and an Austrian by citizenship. The Court gave him a verdict. "The epithet 'Englaender,'" it decided wisely, "is not always, or even customarily, a cause of offence; but in the particular case in question it was chosen with deliberate intent to cause the maximum moral suffering." The offender, therefore, was fined.

The Negro in Sculpture

"THE FIRE-LIGHTER." BY HERBERT WARD

Will it be to the negro that the sculptor of muscular humanity will look in the future? One British artist, Mr. Herbert Ward, seems to be showing the way to the artistic discovery of Darkest Africa. The above is a statue by him of a native of the Lower Congo, a lifelike portrait of these extraordinarily long-armed, lithe-limbed people, showing the muscular development which is peculiar to them. Mr. Herbert Ward has made several trips to Africa with Stanley and other explorers, and most of his subjects have been drawn from these people. He is an Englishman, but lives in Paris. He is seen standing by his figure

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"ONE OF THE DUKES" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

SOME time ago there was an amusing popular outcry against the dukes. I forget what they had done—or what they had not done—that had brought them for the moment into the fierce light that beats upon distinguished persons; but at the time I seem to remember that to call a man a duke was to cast uncomfortable doubts upon his respectability and general intelligence. Indeed, I am not sure that such an epithet did not immediately justify a brisk and untidy fight. The chronic degeneracy of dukes seems to have inspired this new production at the Playhouse, where Mr. Cyril Maude, representing an entirely mythical personage (*bien entendu!*), the Duke of Rye, appears as a paragon of ineptitude. With his title he has inherited an impoverished estate, which can be restored to its former magnificence only by the introduction of new blood into the ancient family. And it appears to be a truism that with ancient families new blood and hard cash are synonymous terms.

Sketched at the Playhouse by Norman Morrow

To put it with coarse and brutal frankness, the Duke is out for money; and as there happens to be on the scene a charming young American heiress who admits that she has come to Britain "duke-stalking," it will be at once seen, as my friend the late Mr. Euclid so appositely remarks, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. By the way, I have often wondered why schoolboys do not take more advantage of our prevailing ideas of moral censorship. Not so very long ago the books and plays of a very distinguished man were banned by all "right-thinking people" because he himself led a notoriously immoral life. It seems to me that if schoolboys can discover that Mr. Euclid was not legally married to his wife, this fact would prove conclusively that his books were not fit for circulation in schools and families. Indeed, if such a discovery were actually made, I have very little doubt that some of our self-appointed censors would declare that Mr. Euclid's irregular life conclusively demonstrated that his conclusion that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles is entirely worthless.

Where are we? (I was going to ask the same question —Ed.) Oh, yes—the Duke of Rye is a man with an idea; and I shall leave it to less considerate people than myself to suggest that this is alone sufficient to give him distinction among his class. The Duke has been engaged to be married on three previous occasions; but each venture came to grief owing to the fatal inclination of ladies in general to procure by artificial means certain feminine attractions which Nature has unaccountably omitted to supply in the first instance. This is, I need hardly explain, a very attractive theme for discussion, and I can see that there is a danger of drifting from one point to another until we are within measurable distance of landing in Bow Street at the finish. It is a matter of common observation that many ladies owe their complexions to the dressing-table; while it must be obvious to the meanest intelligence that *coiffeurs* would not exhibit bunches of wavy curls in their shop-windows unless somebody bought them. I have been informed that most of the other allurements of the female form divine can be procured on the instalment plan from commercial houses, and I remember a London play in which a lady, referring to her youthful aspirations towards what is euphemistically known as a good figure, admitted that as a schoolgirl she used to roll up a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs and wear them in a concealed position to increase

A Peerage for Mr. Maude

MR. ASQUITH INTELLIGENTLY ANTICIPATED AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Mr. Cyril Maude has joined the ranks of the Dukes without as much as a "by-your-leave" to Mr. Asquith. His new rôle suggests to us how really bright and amusing Mr. Asquith might make the House of Lords if he would go to the Green Room Club for his "puppets"

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

her maiden charms. A retired military gentleman once told me—but, now I come to think of it, that is beside the question. These Army men are always so extremely irrelevant.

The Duke's first engagement was broken off because the young lady, who was bathing with him at Dieppe, had the imprudence to get in the way of a foaming billow, which washed her creamy complexion away with a single splash. The second lady had the misfortune to get her hair caught in a briar-bush, and would have proceeded home without it if her attention had not been cruelly called to the oversight. Now that the American heiress is, as it were, in the running, the Duke is painfully anxious to discover how much of her is not really there before committing himself by proposing marriage. As it happens, she is genuine throughout, although she admits that her father made his money by supplying a very active market with what may be charitably termed false impressions. It is not unusual, however, for children to ignore the example set them by their parents. Look at clergymen's sons, for instance. The heiress's physical references being satisfactory, the Duke proposes, and is at once accepted. All this is, perhaps, a trifle thin as drama; but it affords Mr. Cyril Maude a peg on which to hang another of his delightful character-sketches. The whole story is, consistently enough, padded out with by-play and quaint mannerisms which supply most of the humour, and for this the credit is due to Mr. Maude's delightfully nonsensical impersonation of his ducal part.

PÉLISSIER'S LATEST POT
Sketched at the Apollo Theatre by Norman Morrow

The American heiress has the advantage of being represented by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who is not only successful in interpreting the humour of the piece, but also manages to present the sentimental episodes with extreme daintiness. For, in this play, as in real life, the course of true love does not run smooth. There is Lord George Thurburn, for instance, a fine specimen of the peer who is, above all, a plain, practical man. He has roughed it on an Australian farm, and is a skilled carpenter and a man of action generally. He is also a man of fine physique, and stands out in very sharp contrast to the rather pusillanimous Duke. Consequently, the heiress finds herself being drawn towards him in spite of the fact that she has just accepted someone else. The sorting out of the couples proceeds on normal if somewhat obvious lines, but the process is accompanied by some extremely pretty love-scenes, which should prove very attractive to the ladies. Mr. Allan Aynesworth gives a fine, breezy picture of the sturdy man of affairs ready for every emergency, whether the call be made for great physical strength or for tender sympathy; and the ladies ask for no higher ideal than that. Miss Nell Carter, as a Countess who has turned nurse in order to find occupation for her mind, has not very much to do; but she is very pretty, and I am much obliged to her for that, anyway.

The third act contains a novelty which should prove attractive to the friends of the curious. The heiress drops her engagement ring down a well, and she begs that the Duke will accompany her in the "cradle" which is in due course lowered to the surface of the water below, a depth, we are assured, of one hundred and eighty feet. No one can say, therefore, that this is a play without depth, though I despise myself for giving way to such cheap and commonplace wit, which can only tend to bring myself and my friends into unmerited disrepute. This act is broken up into three scenes, in order that, in the middle scene, we may be shown the engaged couple dangling in mid-air on their way to recover the vanished ring. The Duke's many apprehensions of personal disaster are comically represented by Mr. Maude, who does not miss any point that can be relied upon to add to the mirth of the audience. At the same time, I think the originality of the scene is its chief merit, and I should hesitate to say that the joke that is so laboriously evolved by means of so much elaborate mechanical apparatus, as the conjurors say, materialises with sufficient vigour to justify the enormous labour spent on it. Still, it is undoubtedly novel, and I hope people will go and see it on that account. JINGLE.

Passers-by: More London Types

NO. I.—THE FLAPPERS

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

CORONATION gifts do not seem to take the form of surprises. They are announced beforehand. Thus the Glovers' Company are going to present embroidered gloves to the Queen, and the Needlemakers' Company are—very sensibly—not going to give a toast-rack or an asparagus-dish, but a very useful case of needles.

* * *

I suppose it would be difficult to give a really "surprise gift" to Royalty. Even if anybody did send a bread-carver or salt-cellars to the Queen, neither would be "the very thing she had so much wanted and was afraid she wouldn't get, and it was clever of the donor to think of it." That sort of coincidence only happens when you have sent bread-carvers to ordinary mortals.

* * *

Among other things, the Queen is to receive a work-basket from the Leyland Church of England Infants' School. One hundred and fifty small children have been engaged in making it, so that it should be a big basket, if sticky.

* * *

"The youngest child of all," says the *Mail*, "performed her share by drawing a needle through the material." What a lesson in industry to other tots!

* * *

Plenty of suggestions with regard to the advantages to be derived from a general League of Peace will be forthcoming for the next few weeks, and I only pause here to mention how jolly it would be to feel that one's German waiter, for example, is really only a German waiter, and not a Prussian officer who is spying out the wells and so forth in the neighbourhood—against the time when he mobilises at Chatham.

People will be ill-advised at present to send their sons into the Army and Navy, as these may become pretty useless soon. Personally, I should make all my boys arbitrators.

* * *

It would be a pleasant job—arbitrating. Probably it would be necessary to wear a frock-coat and an eyeglass while actually at work. But think what a benefactor one would feel.

* * *

If we had Universal Peace, we should be able to make jokes about the Kaiser without feeling that we were provoking an invasion. This would be a novel and jolly sensation. But, as Sir Edward Grey has suggested, we must be patient and not expect too much at once.

* * *

M.P.'s of both parties are arranging to charter a liner to take them to India for the Durbar. The voyage should be a most enjoyable one, as, the Speaker not being present, Members who have been unable to catch his eye during the Session will have every opportunity of letting off speeches to one another without fear or hindrance.

* * *

Members' wives—and possibly other relations—may be allowed to travel by the same boat. It is an excellent plan, and should result in forming a nucleus of women whom nothing in all probability will ever again induce to take part in politics.

* * *

An equable temperament—says a writer on billiards—is the most useful quality in a billiard-player. Yet surely George Gray is said to "see red" all the time?

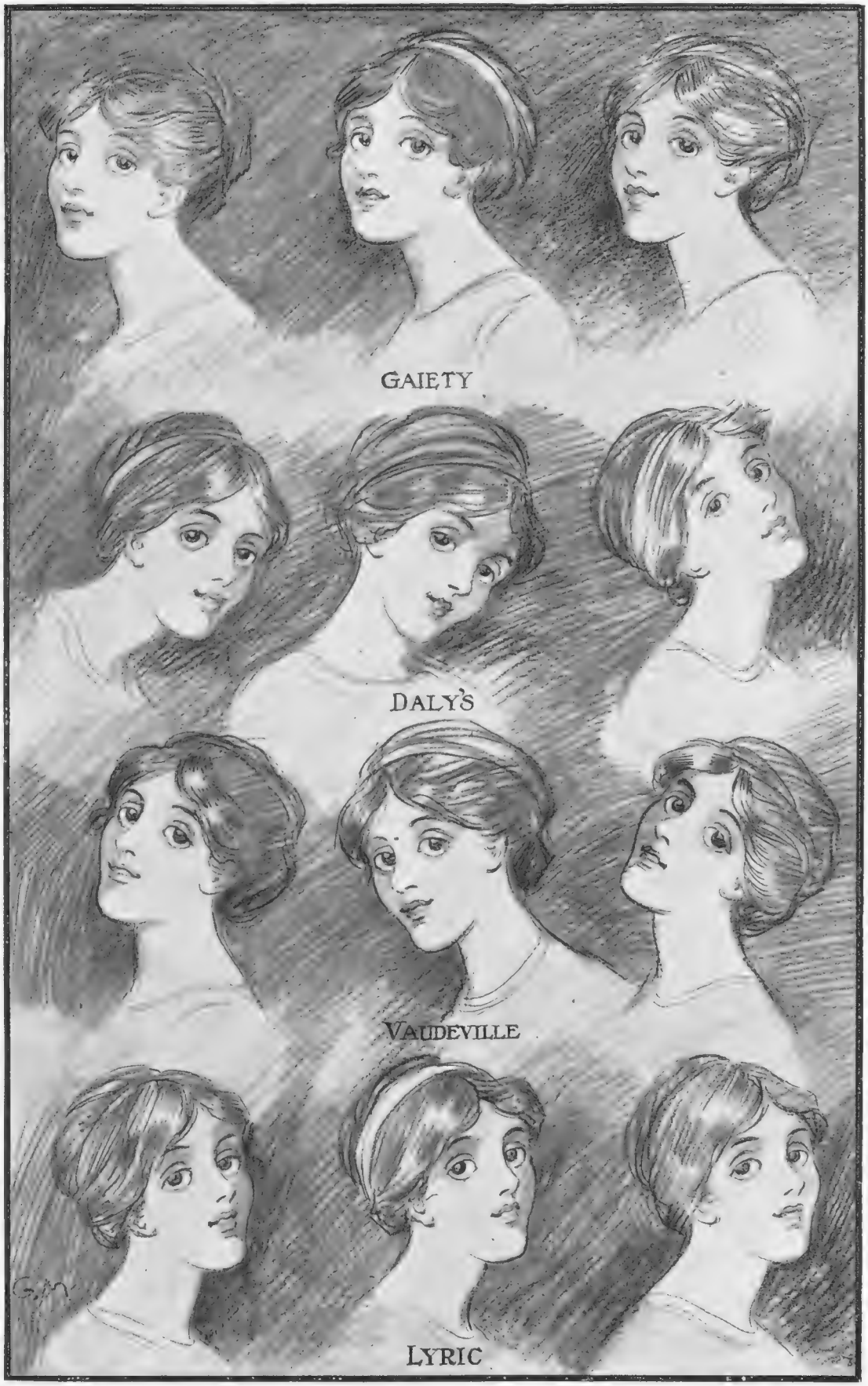
* * *

"Indignation Teas" are becoming a feature of the life of young American women, and there are likely to be a good many held on the subject of the latest atrocities of the Customs officials. Certainly to make three American ladies take off their stockings on suspicion of having a diamond necklace concealed about them is going too far. No American lady would be likely to wear a diamond necklace concealed under her stockings. It would be too unostentatious.

PUZZLE: FIND THEIR COMMON INTERESTS

By Hamilton Williams

English Stage Beauty

VARIOUS THEATRES VISITED TO DISCOVER WHICH IS THE TRUE TYPE

The vexed question which is the true type of English beauty has moved our own artist to visit, on our behalf, a number of musical-comedy theatres. Above he gives us three widely different types at each of the four he has visited, and we confess ourselves nonplussed to say which is really the most praiseworthy. Perhaps our readers can help us? (We apologise for the border to this page, which is irrelevant, but it cannot be helped)

Castletown, where the Retiring Master, Captain Arnold Wills, has Resided

Famous Irish Hunts at Home

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

No. 4 The Kildare

I THINK it may be said that the Meath and Kildare are the "Quorn" and "Pytchley" countries of Ireland, at any rate as regards the numbers that come out to follow these two fine packs. My next visit, after leaving my hospitable host, Lord Fingall, was to the adjoining Hunt, the "Killing Kildares." A motor run over fearful roads in rain of the very wettest description took me from Killeen Castle to Castletown, the temporary residence of Captain Arnold Wills, the present but shortly retiring Master of the Kildare. This extraordinarily fine house—the largest, I am told, in Ireland—is the property of Captain Conolly, a direct descendant of the Conolly who started the first regular pack of fox-hounds in Kildare. It is situated in the northern part of the country, some fourteen miles north of Naas, where the kennels are. It stands in a fine park, in which is the county polo ground, and is approached through a magnificent avenue of limes. It is a very stately place altogether, with its lofty reception rooms, containing endless works of art.

Captain Wills, who has resided here during his Mastership, is undoubtedly a thorough sportsman, and has proved an excellent Master. Everything that he is responsible for with the Hunt has been done in the best possible manner.

A House-Party at Castletown

Left to right: Major Barry, Col. Pollok Morris, Mr. Meredith, Captain Arnold Wills, M.F.H., Miss Waldron, Mrs. Arnold Wills, Mrs. Pollok Morris

His control over large and, I fear, unruly fields has been marked principally by his firm tact and courtesy. A fine rider, always in front, and riding with judgment, he is usually in the one position a Master should be to control a field. His loss is much to be deplored in the Kildare, but his reasons for leaving are sound. With him will also go Mr. Pollok, who, previous to Captain Wills, was Master. It was during his reign that the pack was regenerated, for his knowledge of hounds and their breeding and management is equalled by few. As a rider he is undaunted, and is always with his hounds. At the same time it is marvellous how he saves his horses.

Mr. Arthur P. Pollok, and Some of the Kildare Bitches

Mr. Pollok is one of the best huntsmen in Ireland, and his knowledge of kennel management is unsurpassed

When Captain Wills took the Mastership last year Mr. Pollok resigned, but consented to carry the horn for Captain Wills. The combination has been most happy. His knowledge of the country, gained from personal inspection of every single covert with Mr. Dane, the honorary and most esteemed secretary, has enabled him to effect great improvements to the coverts, which at one time were in poor order. As a huntsman he is one of the best—patient, persevering to the end, not unnecessarily interfering with his hounds, yet always there to help them if wanted. His judgment in his casts are wonderfully accurate, and hounds simply worship him—as they will those whom they recognise are masters of their work. In losing Mr. Pollok the Hunt will sustain a great loss, for he has shown sport of the highest character right through.

In looking over the pack, which have done such good work, I find they have been got together during the last few years, first by purchase of unentered drafts from the Meynell, Woodland Pytchley, and Mr. Fernie's. Since these first purchases Mr. Pollok has bred principally from Belvoir. The dogs are now about the right size—just under twenty-four inches—and have fair necks and shoulders, good ribs, and moderate bone. They are fairly clean on their feet, and, on the whole, are a good average lot without showing any special quality. In work they are distinctly good, both in drawing and drive, and they have good nose and plenty of tongue. They are also fast, persevering, and very steady and true. The bitches are small, quick, nippy hounds with plenty of quality. Their necks and shoulders are very good, and they have sufficient bone. They are very fairly straight, and

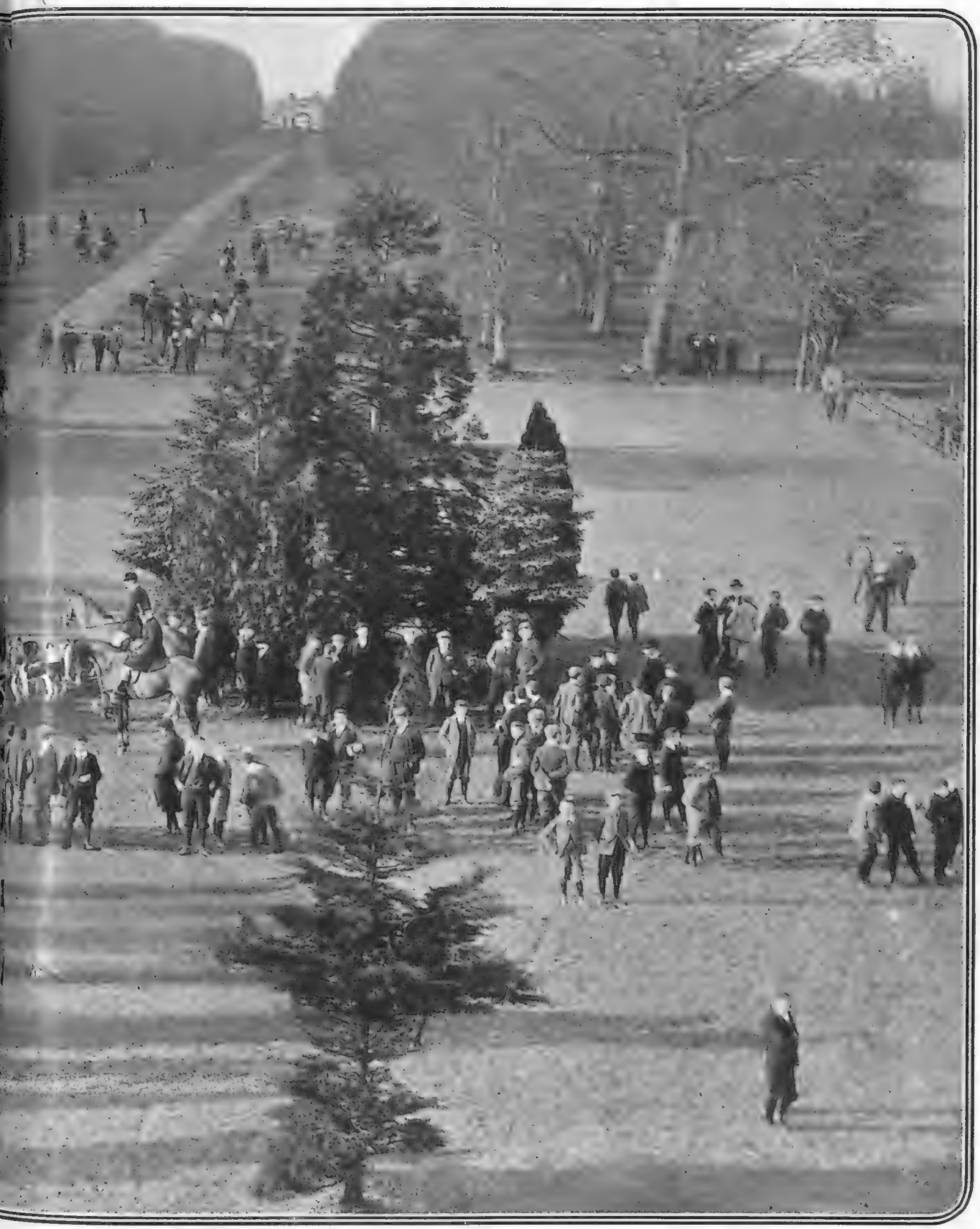
A Picture in Castletown of the Original Kildare Hunt about 1769. By R. Healy

The picture is the property of Captain Conolly, owner of Castletown

A Meet of the Kildare Hun

The Kildare Hunt, an illustrated article on which appears on pp. 646-650, annually holds a meet in the grounds of Clongowes Wood College, which is the leading Catholic college in Ireland. In our photograph the splendid avenue of lime trees lea ing up to the front gate of the College is seen. The Kildare country is very varied in cha acter (writes Mr. Leonard Willoughby), and on Saturdays the open ditch is met with—somewh t similar to the Meath ditches, though they are not quite so big, yet more undefined and trappy. There is no plough, very little wire, but there are thorn hedges with big ditches, which ta Thursday country was considered in the old day years wire has increased enormously and cut u they are high, straight, and rotten, requiring a ver the Cryhelp district. Monday's hunting is usually wired for sheep, but through which there are pas

at Clongowes Wood College



se a bold horse and one that can gallop. The one of the most sporting in Kildare. Of late the best parts. This is a bank country, and clever horse. This applies more immediately to hill, heather, and gorse, with fences practically es. It is mountainous and very sporting, where a good fox is often found and frequently affords a real old-fashioned sporting chase. Tuesday's meets are around Naas and the Curragh, and this is a hedge and ditch country, with very heavy thick thorns to crush or be bored through. The country is well foxed everywhere, but the great difficulty is the stopping, owing to the endless number of rabbit-burrows which are opened up and used by foxes. Though every effort is made by Captain Higginson, R.N., who looks after the stopping in the most energetic way, it is not humanly possible to stop all the number of holes

A Kildare Bank: A Tangled Web to Get Out Of

just the right build for this hard-galloping country. Perhaps for the ideal hound, one a trifle bigger of the same stamp, with more bone, would be desired; however, these hounds are quick at getting round and through the big fields which come out. In their work they draw well, and are quick on the back of their fox, persevering to the very end. Their nose is good, as is their music—which is a singularly high note—and over the enormous pastures they simply fly when there is anything like a scent. Generally speaking, the Kildare pack are a good-working lot, though perhaps in shape the dog-hounds could be improved in levelling. The bitches in work are as nearly perfect as can be, as is proved by the way they account for their foxes. This season, a particularly open one, there have been very few days on which they have not accounted for their fox.

A Coming Nimrod: Master Wills (Son of the Master) on Neddie

The kennels at Naas are good in some respects, but a bad form of distemper is experienced here, due, I think, to their being confined, and to the faulty condition of the grass and the drainage. Mr. J. Whiteside Dane has been Honorary Secretary since 1900. For twenty years he has hunted with these hounds, and during his connection with the Hunt has broadened the basis of the exchequer. Colonel Hon. Charles Crichton acts as Chairman of the Country Committee, which take charge of the management of the coverts under the direction of the Master. The new Master of the Kildare is Captain Talbot Ponsonby, late R.H.A., who, by a curious coincidence, is a relative of the first known person who interested himself in foxhunting in Kildare before the Mr. Conolly I alluded to. The Kildare Hunt is in a strong and flourishing condition so far. Evidences, however, are not by any means wanting to convince me that the transfer of the land from the large territorial proprietors to the small occupiers, however right from the point of view of the population, will form a menace to the sport and an undoubted increase in the cost of maintaining hunts in the near future.

Where Man Dreads the Touch of Man

Officer Inquires When and How a Plague-Stricken Man was Found

Discovery of a Plague-Stricken Man

SCENES IN PLAGUE-STRICKEN MANCHURIA

A Sick Man Carried Away in a Cart

The Disinfection Corps at Work

The above are characteristic photographs, taken between Harben and Mukden, of the terrible state of affairs in plague-stricken Manchuria. They serve to bring home to us the reflection that, however bad our own conditions, civilisation does spare Europe such awful visitations

A 459 lb. Fish Caught From a Pier!

As sea anglers will not need to be reminded, the capture, on a rod and line, of a shark weighing over 459lbs. and measuring 11ft. can only be described as amazing. In a boat, or even on an open beach, the angler has more or less freedom to follow the fish in its struggles to escape, but on a pier he is so hampered that it would seem almost impossible to kill a shark of such weight. This monster was caught at Durban

Bystander Short Story

Poison

By R. RAMSAY

[*This story is, by the author's own admission, a consequence of our recent discussion, "Sex and the Short Story." As a result of that discussion, Miss Ramsay has been moved to show us, in vigorous outline, the evil consequences of the quality of Distrust. In doing this, she, incidentally, shows us herself how it is possible to pursue a "problem of real life" and catch also that elusive thing a "moral."*—ED. THE BYSTANDER.]

"The Tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

IT wasn't that Sandy Burn was anxious to get rid of his cousin John.

On the whole he had rather enjoyed having the old mammoth to stay with them—though, being a celebrity, he rather chucked his opinions at you, and, moreover, ate nothing but mutton chops and insisted on sleeping out like a savage, rolled up in a rug in the garden. The real reason why he hurried him off and pulled up the sweating mare a good twenty minutes too early at the country station was that Lesbia was coming down in the train.

"You'll just see her," he assured the departing guest with triumph, as if it were by great favour of the gods. "I'll make 'em hold the train a minute. She'll hop out as you get in."

His cousin growled. He had the temperament of a poet with the build of a butcher; and the uninspiring ugliness of the Burn family had got a little bit on his nerves. He looked up at Sandy, whose four boys caricatured so exactly his shock head and oyster mouth. What a stock! Ought to be grubbed up, or grafted. If Sandy had even had the sense to marry a pretty woman, instead of choosing one whose good-natured profile reminded him of nothing so much as a kind old horse!

"Humph!" he said, and turned from the conceited parent to count his bags as the train ran in. He had been vaguely aware of the fuss over Lesbia's coming; Lesbia, the one and only daughter, the little one so much younger than the boys, who was so different and so delicate that she had had to be transplanted to the south of Italy for the last two winters . . . but he wasn't particularly anxious to behold another of 'em.

The train stopped; there was a minute or two's confusion, and the departing relative looked round with his foot on the step; they were putting in his luggage.

"Well, good-bye, old man," he began, and broke off. He couldn't help it; he was astounded. It was as if a little star had dropped on to the dusty platform—the prettiest, strangest thing. And it wasn't a mistake of the guard's. It was hugging Sandy, who was grinning from ear to ear.

"I didn't know her," Burn was repeating foolishly, in a rapture; "I didn't know her."

His cousin whistled. *That* Lesbia? *That* the little sister of these snub noses and oyster mouths!

"Whew!" he said. "Is she really your daughter, Sandy, or did you adopt her?"

"Ho, ho! I suppose you think her too pretty for us?" said Burn.

The poet stuck his head out of the carriage window as the guard who had delivered up Lesbia locked him in.

"That's so," he said, with the rude frankness of a relation. "Neither a Burn nor a Pollock. Where on earth did she come from?" The green flag was brandished and the train disappeared in a tunnel.

. . . . .

It didn't sink in then. In fact, Burn brought it out triumphantly when he got home, slapping his leg and shouting with laughter as he reported the unflattering exclamation. He couldn't make out why the joke was no joke to Flora, and marvelled a little at the queer way she took it. Of course, it wasn't too complimentary to themselves, but certainly they neither of them set up for beauties. He couldn't see why his wife should be so furiously offended. He chuckled over it once or twice secretly. And then he had influenza.

It's a queer thing, influenza. Sometimes it grips you by one leg, sometimes it is the other; or else it works whirling in your brain, making you want to cut your throat. There's nothing like it for weakening a man and playing tricks with his understanding. It took hold of Sandy Burn, mind and body, plaguing him with a kind of nightmare, in which clawing devils dragged him away from Lesbia, telling him that she wasn't his. Perhaps it was a judgment on him for being so excessively proud of her. He used to laugh wildly at them and struggle. And there was a kind of a refrain they chanted. Heaven alone knew how it was that it had stuck in his head.

Neither a Burn nor a Pollock. Where on earth did she come from?

He lay muttering the poisonous words to himself in the deadly quiet that followed, when his temperature went down and his nurses chirped fatuously of progress. His nightmare-ridden brain was still unsettled; its activities were abnormal. There was something queer in that joke—something devilish. If he could manage to understand!

The spark came from an unexpected quarter.

He wasn't getting on as quickly as he might, said the doctors. They must fight the inevitable influenza depression; the patient must be amused. They permitted visitors, invited him to divert his mind with what they called light literature (the adjective applies nowadays rather well). There wasn't much of that in the house, though the library was full of solid and improving books. Burn was tolerably illiterate. He had always hated reading, and when he tried to go into the army had failed in spelling. He never looked at the trash that was sent down to Flora twice a month in the book-box. So his friends and acquaintances littered his bed with novels. He

(All rights strictly reserved)

got into the habit of skimming them. He had nothing else to do.

"Rum ideas these writing Johnnies have," he remarked feebly to one of his callers, a healthy young "sub" from the barracks, putting down an illustrated paper that made a point of its weird stories by writers who professed a custom of digging deep into Life.

The boy smirked with an air of self-conscious naughtiness. He wasn't bad, or clever, but he wanted to be grown-up.

"Yes, aren't they fine?" he said. "They know the world, those chaps! I've brought you this week's number. The story is pretty steep. You should have heard old Callaghan snort as he turned it over. He says they're written mostly by hysterical old maids and mild young greenhorns in spectacles who don't know what they're talking about. He says he's sick of 'em shrilly piping to the public, 'See how wicked I am!' and that he'd like to treat 'em like bad children who say 'Damn' to shock their elders. Just smack 'em and put 'em in the corner. That's *his* opinion. But what's he know about it? He's done nothing for the last twenty years but knock niggers on the head!"

He brought out that callow verdict on his Chief with a huge contempt, and went on prattling. He was downright sorry for the poor beggar—a rotten thing, influenza!—and honestly eager to cheer him up.

"I don't see why we should go about with blinkers on," he said, largely. "I mean, you know, we're men of the world, ain't we?—and it's all very fine calling it muck, but——well, you read that 'un! Of course, we all know it's the sort of thing that goes on every day——"

Burn did read it. He had nothing else to do. Then he lay quite quiet for a little. It wasn't a nice story, but it jumped horribly with a dreadful instinct that had, he knew it now, been buzzing latterly in his head.

If he had been himself he would have scouted the notion with horror. How had it to do with him, this sordid affectation of mixing extraordinary vileness with ordinary people—as if—as if—what had that chattering boy pronounced? The sort of thing that goes on every day.

Well, it looked like it. Could these things be written of without shame, so carelessly, so brutally, if it were not so? Even the boy had found out so much. Out of the mouth of babes had come blighting wisdom.

The nightmare was back at its worst; and it was no nightmare—it was illumination.

Neither a Burn nor a Pollock. Where on earth did she come from?

. . . . . .

It isn't healthy for a strong man to have influenza. It is apt to get a firmer grip on him than on a weakling; and nothing was more natural than that it should leave behind it a profound depression, an excusable peevishness. These effects would wear off in time. That was what the doctors said, confidently reassuring Flora. For her husband was unlike himself, and she was a little frightened. Sometimes she fancied he might be going out of his mind.

"Don't take any notice," the professional mind adjured her. "Humour him, humour him, Mrs. Burn; and bear with his little fancies."

They did not grasp how utterly changed he was, good-natured Sandy Burn, who had never known what it was to be fanciful, who had been as open as the day. They came and went and saw nothing deadly in the sullen brooding that indicated Burgundy and tonics. Jovially they prescribed.

But all the Burgundy in his cellar couldn't cure Sandy Burn. The poison had worked too well. When the unimaginative man gets an idea into his thick head it sticks there; it is to him one of the facts of the universe. All the savour of life had left him, and the monstrous, the unthinkable, slept with him, waked with him, muttered bitterly in his mouth.

Blind fool that he had been! How this woman must have laughed at him, seeing his fondness for the interloper, his inordinate pride in her. She wasn't laughing now, though—she seemed to guess that he knew.

Once he caught her watching him. He had been sitting staring at Lesbia, tracking a fugitive likeness that stabbed him with its damnable intimation. Who was it? Who was it that had that boyish turn of the chin? His glance had shifted, still lowering—and there was Flora, pale as a ghost, with her eyes fixed on him following his stare. Perhaps it was her terrified look, quickening his brain, helping him by the intentness of her own guilty fear, that told him. He remembered—there had been a certain handsome young engineer.

Dimly in the shock of conviction he heard Flora's voice. Lesbia was whimpering as if afraid. Was his glare so awful?

"Run away, baby; Daddy isn't well." The blasphemy of that word! Then she turned to him, keeping between him and the closing door.

"What's the matter, Sandy?"

It only needed his look at her to make her shiver. Did she think he was going to kill her? He mastered himself with an effort that brought the sweat to his forehead.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I'll hold my tongue—for the boys' sake—my boys."

"Oh, heavens!" she whispered to herself, and left the room at his violent gesture, not daring to ask him twice. But, of course, base woman, she understood! When she was gone he dropped his head in his hands.

Things went on in a strange fashion in the household. Such a comfortable household, too; such a highly respectable warm hearth—the envy of all beholders. Outwardly there was no difference. Burn set his teeth and made up his mind to that. His boys shouldn't reproach him with having shamed their mother; he mustn't forget it was their name that would be dragged in the mire. So he treated his wife with a sullen politeness that warned her not to overstep the boundary he had set, and left unspoken the words that would have made existence in one house impossible for them both. His easy-going affection for her, that had been less love than liking, his worshipping adoration of little Lesbia; all these feelings had been wiped out. He cared now for nothing but his boys, who at least carried their parentage written on their honest and ugly faces. He could not bear that—that other one in his sight.

Then Lesbia was taken ill; poor, pretty baby, who had been taught to keep out of his way at all times, and who stopped laughing and hid when he appeared.

The first he heard of it was when his wife came out bareheaded, calling to the groom to run for the doctor. Burn had laughed savagely at his own automatic throb

(Continued on page 656)

Merry Mielly

THE ROGUISH SMILE OF A POPULAR FRENCH ACTRESS TRANSFERRED TO CANVAS

MLLE. MIELLY

A portrait of a charming French actress by Mme. Lavirotte on exhibition at the Paris Salon of Women Painters

(Continued from page 654)

of alarm. Some childish ailment. And anyhow it was no trouble for his concern. He closed his mouth, asking no questions, turning on his heel.

Still there grew an uncomfortable atmosphere in the house. The boys came clattering in to lunch and he helped them to roast mutton and rice pudding, uneasily conscious of his wife's empty chair.

They looked scared and whispered now and then to each other, but they didn't appeal to him. It had become law that nobody was to call Lesbia and her affairs to his notice, and they had long ago provided themselves with an explanation, comforting the dethroned pet and pride of the house with the statement that the governor hated girls. When they had finished they clattered out again to discuss the new subject among themselves; he heard one of them, the boldest, creep upstairs to listen outside the nursery door.

No house could be quite silent when they were in it; but he missed the lighter little feet that had been accustomed to fly at his approach.

Flora came down a long time afterwards. She walked into the library and wrote out a telegram.

He stood with his back to her, whistling, looking out of the window.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" he said carelessly, as she moved.

She did not speak, and the weight of her silence oppressed him. He was obliged to turn round.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" he repeated. "All this commotion——"

Emotion had roused his wife from her usual attitude of anxious acquiescence in his extraordinary behaviour. She had always been more or less phlegmatic, and her cue had been to let him alone. But these months of strangeness had told on her. In the hour of stress she lost her self-control. There was passion in her reproach.

"If my child dies——!" she cried.

Burn took one step towards her, but checked himself. The shameless woman! To taunt him at such a moment. Was this a time to proclaim the unuttered secret that poisoned their life together? Was that how she flung him back on his foolish impulse to comfort her? Her cry restored to him self-possession and his bitterness of contempt. Yes, her child—the child that was nothing to him, of course!

Three or four days later a doctor (not a London man, but their own) came downstairs. There was something ominous in his tread.

Burn followed him into the library. He was smoking. Latterly he had smoked too much, which accounted for the way his hand shook as he flipped the ash off his cigarette.

"Sit down," said the doctor kindly. With his hand on the other man's shoulder he pushed him into his chair.

"I have bad news for you," he said gravely.

"Bad news? Ah!" said Burn, and felt his mouth crooking in a smile. Rather idiotic, all this solicitude for his feelings. Why couldn't the man get to the point instead of humming and hawing and keeping that heavy hand on his shoulder? Must behave decently though; mustn't give the silly world an excuse to stigmatise him as an unnatural parent. What was that the old duffer was saying now?

"Of course, while there is life there is hope; but that is all the hope I can give you."

Well, let her die—let her die. It was the best way out. Nobody could point at her then and ask where she got those blue eyes.

He stiffened himself with a jerk; he must make some decorous answer to this old fool who pitied him. What he said, however, sounded odd to himself.

"You thought I was going to faint—I am not."

"That's right, be brave. You'll need all your strength of mind," said the doctor. "You'll want it to help your wife to bear up. She hasn't left the child for a moment since she was taken worse. Those calm women take things more hardly than you would think. I am rather anxious about her."

He broke off, puzzled by the other man's curious expression. It struck him that Burn was a little unhinged from worry. Casually he managed to get hold of his pulse.

"I'll be back in an hour," he said.

Left to himself Burn looked round desperately for some occupation. He didn't want to sit still and think. If he were to forget himself and let himself go in sardonic laughter at the grim mockery of the situation somebody might hear him and think him mad. They'd be clapping him into a strait waistcoat—the distracted parent. What could he find to do?

A railway van was drawing up to the door. He watched it coming noiselessly, only the axles creaking as they turned it about on the tan. The men were unloading a large wooden crate, bumping it up the steps, bringing it into the hall. He went out there.

"Don't make that damned noise," he said. "Put it down and go."

They went on tip-toe, aware of impending tragedy in the house, and Burn stood stupidly looking down on the crate wondering what it was doing there. Then he remembered that he had not looked at his letters that had come in last night. One of them was from his brother, an intermittent correspondent. Might as well look at his rigmarole.

"Dear Old Sandy—I wrote to you months ago that I am heartily sick of this overtaxed, bawling England. Neither my wife's health nor my pocket can stand it longer, so we are clearing out and going to make our home in Italy. In turning out our belongings we unearthed the portrait of our great-grand-aunt Lesbia, hidden behind some rubbish in the lumber-room. Being a family portrait, I am sending it to you. Most of our ancestors were too ugly for words. She seems to have been the solitary exception, and I suppose that was why she was hidden away—in case she might eclipse the others. By-the-by, your little girl is a Lesbia, isn't she? We seem to have seen so little of each other since we married that I am shamefully ignorant of your family. If there is anything you would like to bid for, let me know before the sale——"

"Bring it in here," said Burn, crumpling up the letter, and the servants carried the heavy crate into the library and helped him to undo the packing. He didn't care in the least to behold his great-grand-aunt, but it was something to do—something to smother that demon of restlessness.

First they disclosed a corner of tarnished gilding, and then, almost suddenly, as the sacking dropped, the picture came into view. He heard exclamations——

"Miss Lesbia! Poor Miss Lesbia! her very image!"

There she was smiling on them—her perfect likeness

Continued on page 658.

The Salon of Fragrance and Fair Women

Photo Dover St. Studios
Miss Olive May

Photo Neame
Miss Constance Drever

Photo Dover St. Studios
Miss Blanche Stocker

Photograph Neame
Miss Madge Titheradge

Miss Laura Cowie

Photograph Dover St. Studios
Miss Nina Sevening

Photograph Dover St. Studios
Miss Marie Löhr

Every afternoon of this week at Harrod's Stores the public may purchase perfumery from the hands of some of the most beautiful ladies of the English stage, and in so doing assist the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. Never before, we are informed, have so many stars of the first magnitude been associated in the cause of charity

(Continued from page 656)

—from the little dint in her chin to the blue, blue eyes. He looked at it for a moment, and something seemed to burst in his head.

He dashed out of the room. Out into the street, headlong, breathless—all the way to the doctor's house.

"His daughter is dying," people whispered, and the doctor himself came hurriedly out to meet him and got him into his surgery, holding him by the arm.

"Oh, doctor, save my child!" he cried, panting, sobbing.

"Poor devil; he is only just realising what I told him," the other man thought. "Drink this. Swallow it down and try to compose yourself. We are doing all that man can do," he repeated.

"You don't know what it means to me. My God, you can't possibly understand!" cried Burn, and like a torrent out came his wild confession. His ruddy face was haggard; his voice hysterical with remorse.

Utterance was a relief unspeakable. And what a wholesome tonic the other man's stern rebuke, bringing him to his senses!

"Pull yourself together," said the doctor, sharply. It was good, he judged, for the half-distraught man to unburden his soul, but when he had said enough he stopped him. "Keep quiet and listen to me. I'm coming back with you now. All that we can do will be done. If you like I'll telegraph for the best consulting physician in London; but whatever happens, mind this: not one syllable of this inconceivable nonsense must ever reach your wife. If your child dies she would never forgive you, and you have no right to insult her to ease your mind. Bear your trouble like a man."

He tried; but when he stole into the nursery for the first time since Lesbia's illness, and stared at the wan little face, so changed—why, it was like his mother's face as she lay in her coffin—he broke down.

"Oh, my own little Lesbia, stay with your daddy—your miserable daddy!" he cried, choking, and his wife, on the other side of the bed, lifted her despairing eyes to him with a sudden lightening anguish of relief.

Somehow, though he didn't deserve it, God let her stay.

R. Ramsay.

Our Parliamentary Competition: Last Two Weeks

AN IMMEDIATE ENTRY IS ADVISABLE

This unique Competition, the prize for which is

A Straker-Squire Motor-Car, Value £395

closes definitely on Good Friday. The earlier your forecast is received, the more likely is it to be, if correct adjudged the most skilful.

On the form below, state the number of Speeches (including Questions) and the number of Votes in divisions you expect to be made and cast by the sitting Member for your Division from the beginning of the present Session till its prorogation in August.

The above Prize to be awarded to the sender of what is, in the Editor's opinion, the most skilful forecast of the actual facts as they will be recorded at the end of the Session by the official Parliamentary Reports (Hansard).

For fuller detailed information, send to the Publisher for previous issues.

CUT THIS OUT AND ADDRESS TO THE EDITOR, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"BYSTANDER" PARLIAMENTARY FORECAST, SESSION 1911

Below I state what, from my knowledge of the Member of Parliament for my Division, I expect will be the part played by him in Speech and Vote during the Parliamentary Session now in progress. I agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of The Bystander *as to the result of the Competition.*

Name of Constituency	Member's Name	Party	Forecast of No. of Speeches (Including Questions)	No. of Divisions in which He is expected to Vote

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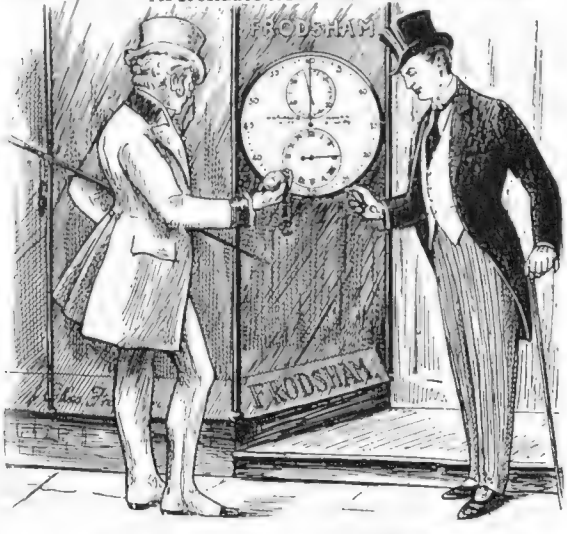

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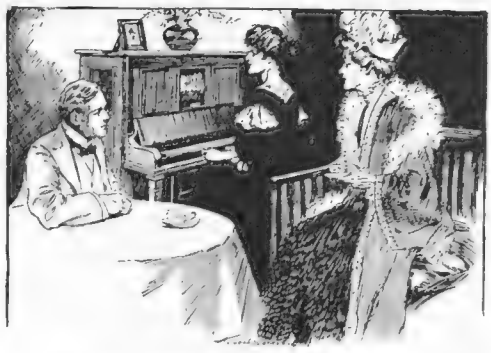

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

"Jane Oglander"

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is something of an innovator among novelists of the present day. She always has the gift, which is regarded as a trifle old fashioned, the gift of having a capital story to tell. After all, that was the secret of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott—the secret, at least, of their success. Their art, I fear, was not discovered until long afterwards, by "literary critics" and the compilers of hand-books to literature. I don't mean that style did not tell, but it was not everything. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes comes from too gifted a family not to write very well, but she might do that and have no story to tell. *Jane Oglander* (Heinemann: 6*s.*) is a splendid tale. Many clever novelists invent or reproduce interesting characters, but the creator is at a loss what to do with people who have no past and no future. Trips to the seaside, accidental meetings at Swiss hotels, and other not unusual experiences form the common machinery of the "brightly written novels." There is no bathing machinery in *Jane Oglander*. Everything seems inevitable, even the very ghastly and yet very quiet murder. I have never read a more vivid picture of an unpleasant invalid than Richard Maule. Wilkie Collins attempted something of the sort with Misserimus Dexter, but he was a creature of melodrama. Maule (whose name, by the way, is rather absurd) is too common a figure in life. Athena Maule, the wife, is a superb piece of observation. She, too, is a type—the sensual adventuress who gets enormous sympathy from everyone. *Jane Oglander* is just a little ghastly, but very few novels are so thoroughly worth the six shillings, or rather the four and sixpence, you have to pay for them. The authoress must be heartily congratulated, for she is no longer among those who are striving for success in fiction. She has attained it with brilliant distinction. Neither friends nor admirers will be surprised.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

Whose fascinating novel, *Jane Oglander*, is reviewed on this page

Tilting

In the *Sphere* of March 11 my friend, Mr. Clement Shorter, tilts at me, in the publishers' lists, for that I, knowingly and of malice aforethought, did compare a novel called *Vanity Fair*, by W. M. Thackeray, with *The New Machiavelli*, by Mr. H. G. Wells. "He might just as well have compared it with *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *Robinson Crusoe*," says Mr. Shorter. In THE BYSTANDER of January 23, though I fear it is not a matter of much importance, I said of *The New Machiavelli* that it was "the most *various* novel that has appeared since *Vanity Fair*." I don't want to explain myself away, or to withdraw an opinion which Mr. John Lane honours me by quoting. But I did not mean to institute any comparison between the two books other than from their common quality of "variety." *Vanity Fair* covers an extraordinary amount of life, and touches almost every section of society in the reign of George IV., apart from the interest of the story or the charm of the writing. Novels, particularly modern novels, concentrate the interest on one section of the community and on the one environment in which the characters find themselves. *The New Machiavelli* covers almost every phase of life, and serves as a kind of commentary on the conditions of different sections of society in the reign of Edward VII. I know no other novelist of the present day who works on a canvas of *The New Machiavelli* dimensions, or, at least, any novelist who succeeds as Mr. Wells has done. And, therefore, I assert once more that in "variety" nothing has appeared to equal it since *Vanity Fair*. Just as I might say that no dramatist since Molière gave us such *living* types as Ibsen. Then I would be very cross with Mr. Shorter if he declared that I was comparing *The Wild Duck* and *Tartuffe*.

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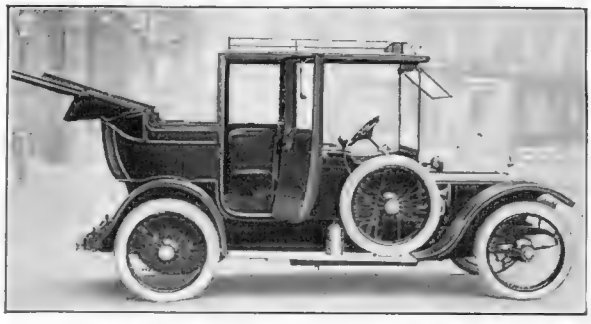

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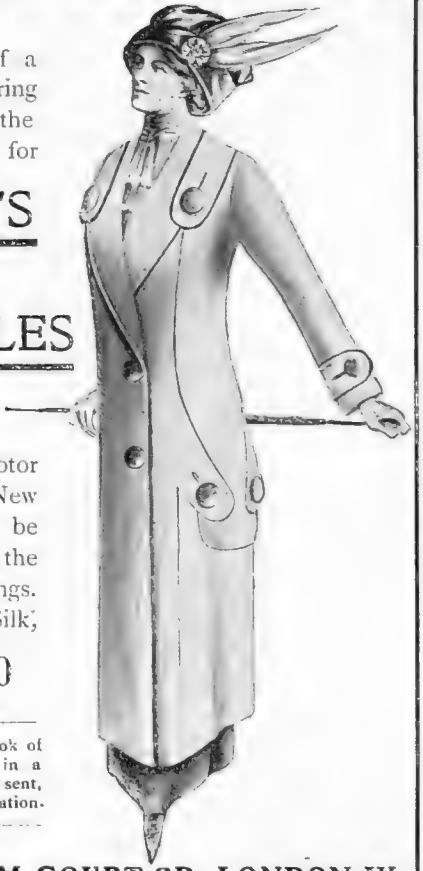

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A Question

Is Mr. F. W. Bain trifling with us? Are there really original Oriental manuscripts of his translations? Or is he playing the same game by which the author of *The Turkish Spy*, Horace Walpole, or Macpherson delighted their contemporaries? I know nothing of Eastern languages, but I have read a good many translations of Oriental books, particularly those which are privately printed. And I am bound to say that I would have suspected *The Ashes of a God* (Methuen: 5*s.*) of being the ingenious fancy of a Western scholar. This is probably due to my ignorance of Oriental languages and the superficial acquaintance with the literature of which Mr. Bain complains. I seem to detect an Anglo-Saxon morality, a Protestant *morale*, in the triumph of the flesh over the self-imposed asceticism of Trishodadhi. There is something which reminds me of the Ephesian matron story told by Petronius, and in the annoyance of the gods with the "mountain of merit" not a little of Voltaire. Perhaps it is the Aryan spirit coming out. For the resemblance is one of spirit, not of plot.

Plain Speaking

Hardly less interesting than the story, which all admirers of *The Digit of the Moon* will be eager to read, is Mr. Bain's preface to *The Ashes of a God*. He is very outspoken. "Plato, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and other shallow politicians." Mr. Bain, like Mr. Rawjester in Brete Harte's parody of Jane Eyre, cannot stand St. Paul. And Mr. Rudyard Kipling fares no better. "No man has done more to caricature and misinterpret India in the interests of military vulgarity than this popular writer, to whom Hindoo India is a book with seven seals." There is something refreshing about the frankness of the opinion. I, no less shallow, however, than Plato and St. Paul, am devoted to Rudyard Kipling's early works. While I recognise the value of Mr. Bain's criticism of European missionaries, I would hardly describe the Christian religion "as one abandoned by the intelligence of Europe." Then, of course, I am prejudiced, being one of these same unintelligent Christian Johnnies, as the sporting papers would say. *The Ashes of a God*, which contains three stories all connected with each other, is a provocative, entertaining volume. I wonder why no artist's name is given to the frontispiece, a Post-Impressionist illustration? Then I would like to hear the opinion of Mr. William Rothenstein on the book. He has just returned from India, and has been living with native ascetics and painting their portraits.

Marcel Boulestin as Seen by "Max"

M. Boulestin, whose work has frequently appeared in The Bystander, is well known as one of the few Frenchmen who love, and have mastered, the English language sufficiently well to write in it. In conjunction with Mr. Francis Toye, he has recently published his first novel, "The Swing of the Pendulum" (Nash: 6*s.*). In the above caricature, "Max" has been unusually cruel. M. Boulestin is, in appearance, much more like a human being

"The Swing of the Pendulum"

Monsieur X. Marcel Boulestin and Francis Toye are both well-known critics and writers. Everyone realises how well they write. *The Swing of the Pendulum* (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*) is, therefore, not a surprise. The shrewd observation and the amusing characters of this novel will delight, I believe, everyone. But I must honestly say that the delicate writing and the excellent title are rather dissipated on slender motives and a thin story. The whole thing is like a round game called Henry James. "Any number may play. For counters, sweets or comfits will do." To the characters of Mr. Henry James anything might happen, but to those of M. Boulestin and Mr. Francis Toye nothing might happen. The full-stop turns out to be a semi-colon.

Robert Ross.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF

Mr. Abe Mitchell

There have been a good many "alarums and excursions" lately about Mr. Abe Mitchell, the young artisan player from Ashdown Forest, who made such a brilliant début in the Amateur Championship last year, and who, a little later, carried off the handsome *Golf Illustrated* Cup. It was at first said that he had definitely joined the ranks of the professionals. Later this was somewhat modified by the statement that he had entered the service of Sir Abe Bailey, but it was presumed that he did so in a golfing capacity, and that, therefore, his amateur status would be forfeited. The latest and most authentic information that I can gather on this subject shows that this is not accurate, and that though he has taken service with Sir Abe Bailey, he does so, not as a private golf professional, but in another capacity, which will not involve his amateur status. I am further given to understand that Sir Abe will not take him away to South Africa till the late summer of this year, so that there is no reason why he should not compete in May at Prestwick for the Amateur Championship, and, incidentally, lend his important aid to the English side in the International match. When I last had the pleasure of playing with him some months ago he had consolidated his form in a marked degree. He struck me as playing every department of the game with greater ease and certainty than when he was at Hoylake last year. In particular he had modified the extremely high trajectory of his driving, which was apt to handicap him when playing against a strong wind. His putting and approaching were admirable, and his long game as prodigious as ever, and if he maintains, or, if possible, improves, his form it will require an extremely brilliant performer at his very best to prevent him from reaching the first place. I am unfeignedly glad that he is remaining in the amateur ranks, as his presence at Prestwick will add immensely to the interest of the competition.

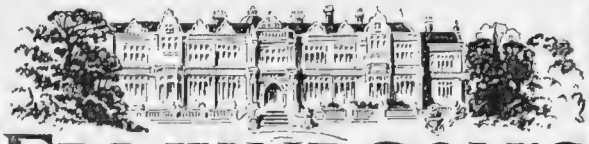
Photograph *Sport and General*

Mr. Abe Mitchell

The brilliant young artisan golfer, who, if he competes, will be one of the favourites for the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in May. Curiously enough, he has recently entered the service, though not in a golfing capacity, of another celebrity with the same Christian name—Sir Abe Bailey, to wit

Recent Links Architecture

There is no limit to the activities of the golf architect. Most of the big courses have experienced the value of his scientific attainments, and now the turn of the inland courses has arrived. The latest form of his ingenuity has taken the shape of altering the contours of courses, the outstanding example being the Mid-Surrey course at Richmond. This course, famous for its beautifully kept fairway and its superb greens, suffered from a pronounced flatness. Since last autumn an army of workers, under the expert command of Peter Lees and J. H. Taylor, have been busy in excavating hollows and throwing up hillocks throughout the course. Some of the bunkers guarding the greens have disappeared, and in their place there are now these miniature Etnas and Vesuviuses, with corresponding declivities, adding in a marked degree to the variety of the course. The origin of this latest development is to a great extent the existence of a natural hillock which guards the fourth hole at St. Andrews, and which, in a sense, controls the approach shot at that hole. But there are, of course, throughout the St. Andrews course and other seaside greens any amount of inequalities in the ground, which give the player a large variety of stances more or less awkward, which he must master if he is to reach the highest rank of players. Even a mere mound, like the one at the fourth hole at St. Andrews, or the cliff face at the fourteenth hole, will guard a hole just as effectually as a sand bunker, and will afford a pleasing variant from the ordinary sand hazard. There has been some doubt among players whether a ball lying in these grassy declivities or on the side of the hillocks must be treated as if it were in a hazard. I do not know what local rule the Mid-Surrey Club have adopted, but I cannot see why a player should not ground his club. The origin of the hazard rule was the fear that a player, by grounding his club when his ball lay in sand, would improve the lie of his ball. But when a ball lies on grass of ordinary length there is no danger of this happening. If the new features are definitely ruled to be hazards there is no possible doubt under the present rule of what may or may not be done. But such features are not treated as hazards on seaside links, and I see no reason why they should be differently classed on inland courses. This



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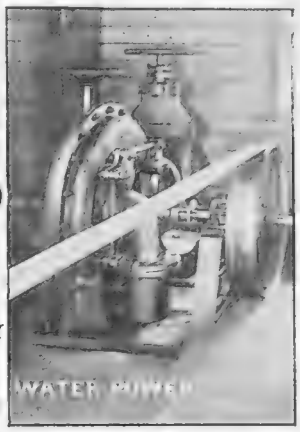

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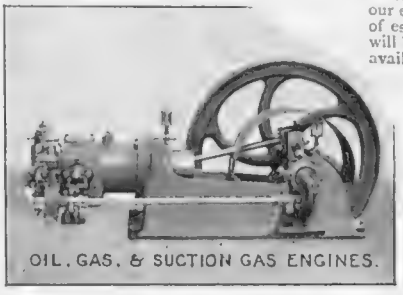

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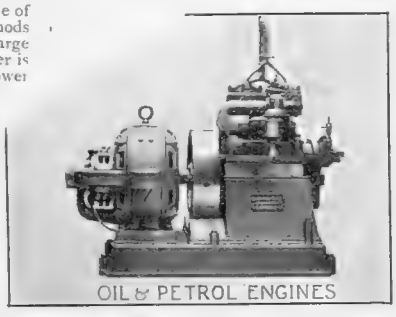

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There can be few readers of THE BYSTANDER who have not read of the remarkably thorough investigation which was made by the well-known newspaper *Truth* at the end of 1907 into the world-famous Sandow System of Curing Illness without Medicine, and restoring sufferers from all sorts of complaints and conditions to the much-desired state of perfect health.

After a lapse of three years, *Truth* newspaper has felt it incumbent upon itself to make a re-investigation of the Sandow Curative System, with a view of discovering what justification existed for the assertions of the increased popularity of Curative Physical Culture, and the remarkable results claimed to have been achieved in curing many serious forms of illness so common at the present day.

The result of his visit was a lengthy article in *Truth*, dated January 4, 1911, under the title of "Health without Medicine." Many, no doubt, will have read the article in that paper.

However, Mr. Sandow will, with pleasure, forward post paid the booklet reprint to any reader who has not read and desires to read the article in full.

In "A Foreword" which prefaced the report of *Truth's* representative who made the investigation, said:

"I am glad that whatever was said in 'Truth' three years ago in praise of the Sandow system of treatment by means of physical exercise is endorsed and confirmed by this second enquiry after so long a period."

Extract from the Foreword which prefaced the article written by "Truth's" Investigator after his second enquiry into the Sandow Method of Curing Illness Without Medicine. Published in the issue of "Truth," dated January 4th, 1911.

It has been to me a matter of considerable surprise that, notwithstanding the wide publicity which Mr. Sandow has given to the previous "Truth" article, I have not been constantly beset during the last three years with the complaints of dissatisfied patients who have failed to get the benefit they expected from the Sandow treatment. One would naturally expect to find such people, and I certainly expected it in this case, because Mr. Sandow does not pose as an infallible miracle-worker; he does not promise to cure everybody who comes to him. It is, however, the literal truth that during the whole of these three years only one of Mr. Sandow's patients has come to "Truth" office with a complaint that he had been led to waste his money in consequence of what he had read on the authority of "Truth"; and in that one case, after hearing all that the man had to say, and then hearing Mr. Sandow's reply, it was obvious that the complaint was quite unreasonable, and that the complainant had been more liberally treated than he had any right to expect. In my judgment no higher testimonial can be given to Mr. Sandow than this result—negative in form, but most positive in significance—of the publication of the last "Truth" report, and its continuous republication on the widest possible scale from that day to this.

A Copy of the *Truth* Booklet reprint of *Truth's* Investigator's full report on the Sandow Method of Curing Illness will be sent post free upon application, or can be obtained by calling at the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

The fact is of the highest interest to every ill and ailing man and woman that *Truth's* investigator found that of cases accepted for treatment by the Sandow System, the object for which the treatment was taken was entirely achieved in 94 out of every 100 cases, while in 99 out of every 100 cases patients were substantially benefited.

With these figures upheld it is no wonder that Royalties, the nobility, the aristocracy, Members of Parliament, politicians, writers, artists, and professional and business men and women should seek, as they do, Mr. Sandow's advice, and take the treatment he recommends, which is applicable to almost all constitutional conditions, and to sufferers of all ages. It can be taken by children of tender years and elderly men and women up to four-score years and more.

The particular illnesses and conditions in which the Sandow Treatment has proved so successful in treating are given in the list on this page. The titles of the twenty-four illustrated books on health which Mr. Sandow has specially prepared convey to all a first knowledge of his treatment free of charge.

Mr. Sandow will be pleased for every reader of THE BYSTANDER who is suffering from any of the complaints mentioned to call at the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and secure a personal consultation on the subject of his health without any expense or obligation.

Those who are unable to call should write, forwarding the application form below, and describing the ailments they are suffering from and the number of the Book they require, to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and they will receive, Gratis and Post Free, the Book dealing with their complaint and a personal letter of advice.

HEALTH FOR COUNTRY & OVERSEA READERS

Every reader of "The Bystander" who cannot call personally, and who writes to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., will receive post free a copy of any one of the books mentioned below, and a personal letter of advice giving a candid opinion as to the suitability of his or her case for treatment by the Sandow System.

There are, unfortunately, many who are unable because of the distance at which they live from London, or for other reasons, to call personally at my Curative Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., either for a consultation or to take treatment.

For the convenience of readers of THE BYSTANDER who are thus situated I have prepared a complete series of 24 illustrated booklets, each dealing with one particular complaint or condition, and I invite every reader who suffers from any of these illnesses, which are curable by the Sandow Treatment, to write for a copy of the book which especially deals with that illness, utilising the application form below. In addition to the book, a personal opinion upon the enquirer's case will also be forwarded to everyone who writes a letter giving such particulars as the enquirer might think would be useful to enable an opinion to be formed upon the case.

Photo Warwick Brookes

My Plans for affording Sufferers the means of Curing Themselves of their Illnesses, entirely by Natural Means, without a Single Dose of Medicine, are so thoroughly organised that whether they reside in London or the Provinces, anywhere in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies or Abroad, enquirers can learn Free of Cost how they may Cure their Complaint and Improve their Health, and Take the Treatment in their own Homes.

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To EUGEN SANDOW,
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"THE BYSTANDER" Application Form

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Please send me gratis and post free Vol....., in Sandow's Health Library, together with an opinion upon my case.

NAME.....

(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.)

ADDRESS.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Nature of Illness or Condition from which relief is desired

.....

(Give further detailed particulars in a letter.)

March 29, 1911.

new architectural development is most interesting, and enables committees to add great variety to flat and featureless courses. ERNEST LEHMANN.

LAWN TENNIS

Tourjours Wilding

The two protagonists on the Riviera, A. F. Wilding and M. Decugis, have been hammering away industriously at each other, to the great delight of the multitude. At Mentone they had their third successive five-set match, and Wilding, as before, was the one who got home in the end. But the run of the play was different, for this time it was Wilding who made the running to start with. No doubt he thought that he could now do this with safety, having beaten his man twice already, but Decugis had plenty of fight left in him. From being two sets down he got "all square," and it was not until they had reached three-all in the fifth set that Wilding's reserve power came to his aid just when it was wanted. At their next meeting at Nice Wilding again won, this time in "three straight"—as the Americans have it. "Moral effect," it was tolerably evident, had at length begun to tell, and Decugis, obsessed by the recollection of three previous defeats, couldn't raise the necessary gallop. If there was something of a sameness—at any rate, as far as the actual results were concerned—in the encounters between these two, the matches between the leading ladies presented a charming variety. Miss Salusbury, who was *facile princeps* on the Riviera last year and almost got tired of winning, has not had by any means such a dull time.

R. N. Williams
A promising young American

Frau Neresheimer
One of the best lady players on the Riviera

CELEBRITIES IN RIVIERA TENNIS

A. F. Wilding
The World's Champion—still winning

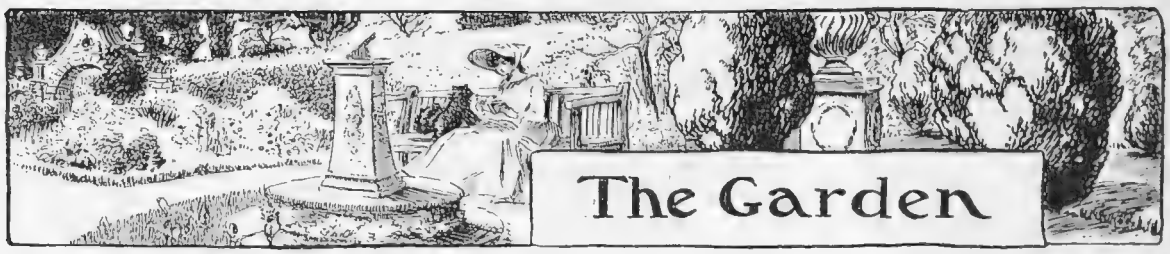
H. Kleinschroth
A potential German Champion

Germany's Leading Ladies

Her unbeaten record in Riviera meetings was broken at Mentone, where Miss J. Tripp beat her in the ladies' final after a close struggle, while at Nice both these ladies were vanquished severally by the two crack German players, Frau Neresheimer and Frl. von Krohn, the former beating Miss Salusbury and the latter Miss Tripp. In the final Frl. von Krohn beat her compatriot after an even three-set match. This advance on the part of the German players is noteworthy. Frau Neresheimer has been prominent for several seasons past, but she has not hitherto been able to make more than a good losing fight against Miss Salusbury. That she can now do so is attributable to the fact that she has cultivated a natural aptitude for volleying with success. To be able to volley well is an even greater asset to a lady player than to a man, and last week at Cannes Frau Neresheimer proved that her defeat of Miss Salusbury was no fluke by overcoming Miss Tripp. In Mixed Doubles her volleying powers have stood her in equally good stead, and she and H. Kleinschroth—one of the most promising of the young Germans—have had three good wins, though there has been very little in it between them and Decugis and Mme. Decugis, who turned the tables on them at Nice. Frl. von Krohn's name is new to most English ears, for she has played comparatively little outside her own country, but her début on the Riviera has been a pronounced success, and it was a pity that she was unable to play at Cannes last week. She and Frau Neresheimer are likely to prove worthy successors to Countess Schulenburg, formerly the best German lady player, whose health does not now permit of her undergoing the stress and strain of open tournament play.

C.B.'s Monthly

"The same only different," *The New Fry's Magazine* succeeds the old without any break in the continuity of its existence or its editorship. "C.B." himself is still at the helm, and still a regular contributor, with an able lieutenant in the person of Mr. Ralph Hodgson. A perusal of the current issue shows that, if anything, it has strengthened its claim to be called *par excellence* the magazine for the Outdoor Man.



Tradition in the Garden

While nobody would wish to harry his gardener, it is only common prudence to ascertain whether he understands what he is doing. If he can give an intelligent reason for it, well and good; if he can't, he should be required to find one, or, failing that, to turn his attention to something else. Tradition is responsible for many foolish, and not a few harmful, practices in the garden. During the last generation there has been much improvement in this respect, but there is still plenty of room for more. At the same time, tradition—even irrational tradition—is not always wrong. Old-fashioned gardeners used to carry about in their pockets melon and marrow seeds for weeks before sowing them, in the belief that the plants would fruit the sooner. It seemed ridiculous enough, yet has recently been justified by scientific research. For it has been experimentally proved that where certain seeds, including those of melons and marrows, are artificially dried—as they would be when carried for a long time in the pocket—the plants bear female flowers earlier than they would otherwise do, and, therefore, fruit earlier. There is another why to be answered here, and when that answer is given it is likely to be of the greatest interest. On the other hand, the old practice of carefully protecting all seeds from frost still remains, yet those of Alpines and North American plants must naturally be exposed to extreme cold in winter, and some will not germinate without great difficulty, if at all, unless they have first been frozen. It is especially in regard to pruning that a gardener should be able to give his reason not only for his method and time of doing it, but also for doing it at all.

The Gardener's Greatest Worry

The objection most commonly urged against the old-fashioned box edging is that it harbours slugs and snails. To some extent that is true; but, on the other hand, it simplifies the task of finding and destroying them, obviating the need of laborious search over a large area. Box-edging is the happy hunting-ground of the thrush, while if starlings are numerous they may often be seen in winter working along the rows for the small snails whose shells they can easily crush. Edgings of rough stones, which, with low-growing plants alongside, are now so popular, though superior in many respects to box, are even worse as regards slugs and snails, for these creatures crawl right underneath the stones and cannot be got out without a complete disturbance.

H. C. Davidson.

Photograph *H. N. King*

The Terrace Beds at Nuneham Park, Oxford, the Seat of the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., First Commissioner of Works

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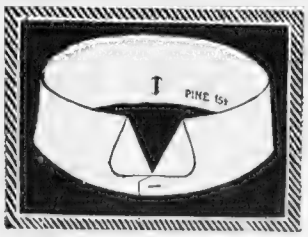
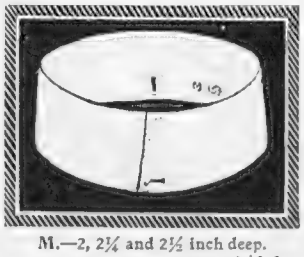
Bystander'd Eggs Taken Seriously

A Berkshire Farmer Supports "Bayard's" Proposal.

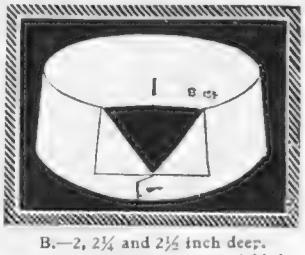
Dear Bystander,—I read with great interest "Bayard's" letter in your issue of this week. If you can arrange some such scheme as he suggests, not only would poultry-farmers benefit, but the consumers in London certainly would be better off. For instance, I am selling surplus *fresh* eggs locally now at twelve for 10*d*. *Cooking* eggs in London are, roughly, 1*s*. 6*d*. per doz.! Even at this price, so I am told, you cannot get reliable eggs. If the supply people could, through the medium of your valued self, be put in touch with the consumer, verily "all mankind will arise and call you blessed."—I am, sincerely yours, "Rusticus."



Pine—2, 2¼ and 2½ inch deep.
(Post 3d. extra) Per doz. 4/11



M.—2, 2¼ and 2½ inch deep.
(Post 3d. extra) Per doz. 4/11



B.—2, 2¼ and 2½ inch deep.
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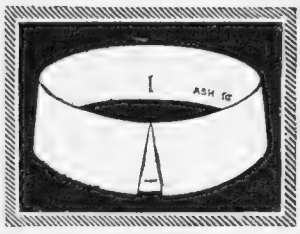
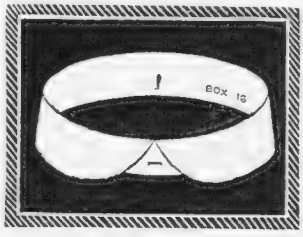
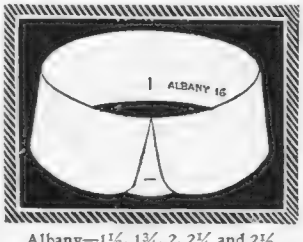


Ash—2 and 2¼ inch deep
(Post 3d. extra) Per doz. 5/11



Box.—2 inch deep.
(Post 3d. extra) Per doz. 5/11



Albany—1½, 1¾, 2, 2¼ and 2½ inch deep.
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Racing: Grand National Reflections.

By CARBINE

Of Mournful Memory

Last week's Grand National will be an uncomfortable recollection for most of us. Personally, I groan when I think over the circumstances which preceded Glenside's extraordinary victory. In these pages on March 15 I selected Lutteur III. and Glenside as the two most dangerous candidates for the Liverpool race. I had been much impressed by Glenside's running at Sandown Park, and had made up my mind that he should be one of my final selections for the big event. I went even so far as to back him in a double with Dalnacrag. Then came the news that the horse was coughing. That this was true I knew on the best authority, and in the circumstances I could not continue to recommend my friends to support a horse who was under such a cloud. It is one of the cardinal points of the Grand National that a horse must be at the top of his form to win. This theory was destroyed last week, for Glenside was by no means at his best owing to his recent cough, and if any other horse in the race had stood on its legs throughout, Mr. Frank Bibby's representative would not have won.

The Luck of the Race

Undoubtedly Rathnally was one of the most unlucky horses in the Grand National, and he ought to win next year under normal conditions. But this great steeplechase is, of all races, just the one in which normal conditions do not prevail. While Mr. Bibby, a sportsman of the best type, is heartily to be congratulated upon winning at Aintree for the second time, he is much to be envied on account of the wonderful luck which enabled Glenside to win when not at his best. The failure of Lutteur III. shows that we were at least correct in looking for something to beat that hot favourite, the unlucky thing being that we did not find the right outsider. I think Glenside would have been second or third favourite except for that mischievous cough—but the subject is a little painful. Let us turn to the "next round."

Coming Events

After last week's excitement at Lincoln and Liverpool racing will be comparatively tame for a fortnight. However, the latter two weeks of April bristle with important fixtures, including the big steeplechase at Manchester on Easter Monday, followed by the Great Metropolitan and the popular "City and Sub." at Epsom, with the Guineas at Newmarket in the succeeding week. The chief event of the present week will be the Doveridge Handicap at Derby, where Dalnacrag may show that he did not display his true form in the Lincolnshire Handicap. Going strictly on "the book," it seems as though **Long Set** holds the best chance of success on this occasion. For the Chatsworth Stakes on Thursday I fancy **Horne's Beauty,** while **Mediator** should win the Osmaston Plate. On the following day at Alexandra Park **Irish King** may secure the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and on Saturday my selections are **Hayden** for the Alexandra Handicap and **Beau Bois** for the April Stakes.

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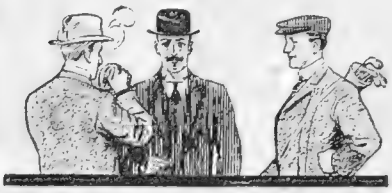

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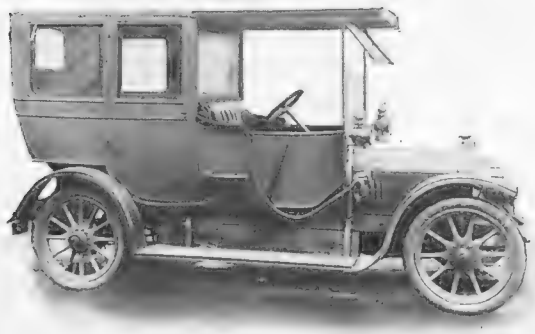

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Aeroplanes and Motor-Boats at Olympia

A general view of the third combined Aero and Motor-Boat Show which opened on the 24th and will run to Saturday next. The notable advance of the British aeroplane as an industry and a sport is unmistakably expressed through the exhibits, and constitutes the outstanding feature of the Show

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Olympia Once More

Once more a Show, but this time of air-power revolving about a centre-piece made up of craft of that denser element, water. Because it is still a "Combined Aero and Motor-Boat Show" that Olympia's walls enclose—the third of the line. It opened on Friday last, and will run to Saturday next, and should, on the evidence at present available, pay the promoters at least. The exhibitors are also sanguine with sufficient reason. Air-power (to drop water-power from consideration for the moment) is a real thing. Qualify the soaring optimism of the unrestrained enthusiast as we will; confine the prospects of the future within the limits of present achievement, and still we have air-power. Why, even the British Government has accepted it—which means generally that all the rest of the world has been unanimous for a minimum of twelve months!

The exhibitors, therefore, start with the assurance that they have acceptable commodities. There is no need for them to elaborately argue around a belief that their machines can leave the ground. There is no occasion for the quaint assurances of yester-year that "this aeroplane is guaranteed to fly 100yds.," or a mile, or some other little distance. We know it can, because similar machines have. We take its qualities for granted. Even if it is an entirely experimental machine of novel structure that has not already demonstrated its powers, we do not stand afar off and jeer politely. We may not buy it, nor accept it upon the claims of its makers, but we pay its feature the tribute of a consideration based upon the extreme likelihood of those claims being right. It must be a palpably mad proposition in desperate conflict with all the known laws of dynamic flight that will unstop our vials of derision, and even then we deride with discretion because our little knowledge has taught us, unless we happen to be invincibly stupid, that what we do *not* know would fill volumes of magnitude.

The Rise of a British Industry

Consequently our normal exhibitor comes into a market with saleable wares. He comes into a market that is also brisk—as Threadneedle Street would have it. It may be, and is, still a very small market, but it is rising with a quick steadiness quite hopeful to observe. And that most reliable of barometers which registers the flow of capital reads "set fair." The salesman, therefore, has ceased to be an apathetic and workless appendage of an aeroplane exhibition stand. There is business in the air, and some sure prospect of the bread that perisheth—even though it be only Standard!

From which it may be deduced that we have moved far these two years. We have indeed. If the records of flying achievement were not plain for all men to read, the evidences of development are in Olympia to-day. And perhaps the most gratifying feature of that evidence is in the fact that Great Britain has built itself a new industry. The British and Colonial

Aeroplane Company, with its world-famous Bristol machines; the Aeronautical Syndicate's Valkyries; Grahame White and Co.'s home-made Farmans, with a special place for "Baby," a biplane constructed in three detachable sections for ease of road transport, but quite equal to transporting itself at racing speeds in the air—quite the infant prodigy; Howard Wright's biplane, fitted with a Gnome engine (a duplicate, we are officially but inaccurately informed, of the machine which carried Mr. Sopwith to victory in the de Forest competition—inaccurate for the reason that Mr. Sopwith's machine was propelled by an E.N.V. engine, and not a Gnome); Humbers, with a four-cylinder water-cooled engine as the power-plant of their biplane; Handley Page, Trier and Martin, the Blackburn Aeroplane Company—these are some of the British firms whom I produce in evidence that Great Britain has builded a new industry, and whose machines I submit in proof that the home product has no cause at all, in most cases, to shun comparison with the best that the French can do.

A Beautiful Danger-Spot

Newtown Water (dividing Hampshire from Berks) where three roads meet. Vehicles entering Berks must do it by the ford or by a narrow bridge over the stream. The number of motor accidents which recently occurred in one week sufficiently indicates the necessity for reform. The two County Councils are at present in conflict with the District Councils and local residents upon a proposal to expend £6,000 in building a new bridge

The Plane and the Boat

Certainly Olympia is the place to visit to-day, and quite as certainly Olympia will be an impossible place for an aero show to-morrow. It is the best we can do in convenient buildings at present, but aeroplanes are rakish craft, with a wealth of spar and ample canvas, and they want space. I do not know whether this will be the last show in which boats will combine with aeroplanes to make an attraction, but if the year redeems its promise, and we endeavour to secure a representative exhibition next March, the boats will have to go, and even then the space will hardly be ample. Motor-boats are much handier things, much more compact, and the blue-water school will consider them properly placed this year in the centre of the ring with the fliers flanking. But that has been merely a matter of convenience designed to give greater space to air-power.

Wonderfully fine this collection of all-British boats is, alone meriting several visits for the study of their lines, and the utilitarian beauty of their fittings, in addition to the engineering appeal of their power generators. If they have to go out of their present harness with the Aero Show they must surely have a show of their own—although I am dubious about the financial success of such an undertaking. It is a quaint thing in its way, but we cannot easily escape the conclusion that the "Sons of the Sea" are no more interested in boats than boo s when used for exhibition purposes.

British Aviatory Advance

I have referred in passing to the British and Colonial Company's exhibit. British aviation owes a considerable something to the stimulus given to the home industry by this firm. Confident in the future of flying, it laid down the largest and most comprehensive plant for the construction of aeroplanes in the country, and proceeded to produce a machine which has already won its way to high eminence in the world of aviation, and established a reputation that has raised the status of England as a factor in aeronautical development enormously. Not unnaturally, the firm's organisation and resources, and the fact that it is turning out a machine of parts, have attracted many men of mark to its service as pilots. The latest

A Daimler Parade

A "fleet" of new Daimler cars proceeding to the opening of new Daimler Showroom in Birmingham

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 382.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, March 29, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD VALUERS

CENTRE OF BICESTER HUNT.

On the outskirts of quaint old village. Near golf course.

OXON.—OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT HOUSE for SALE, Freehold, recently enlarged and entirely redecorated, well away from main road. 8 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath.

FINE BILLIARD ROOM (28FT. BY 20FT. 6IN.).

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices. Stabling for 2, motor garage.

TASTEFULLY ARRANGED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

ornamental, tennis, and croquet lawns, fruit and vegetable gardens, ornamental ponds, with islands and rustic bridges, in all about

3½ ACRES.

Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Very Low Price to Close Estate.

40 MINUTES FROM CITY OR WEST END.

Golf Course within a mile.

SURREY HILLS (in one of the most charming spots).—Artistically built Freehold detached RESIDENCE in an exceeding pleasant position, and commanding

EXQUISITE AND EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

...cious square entrance hall, handsome drawing room (18ft. by 17ft.), dining room ...ft. by 17ft.), study, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and cheerful offices. Prettily laid-...t and well-ma ured grounds of nearly ½ an acre, including lawn and flower beds.

GAS AND WATER LAID ON.

...ain drainage. Possession on September 29 next.—Details of the Sole Agents, HAMPTON ... SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GOLF. YACHTING. FISHING.

Within easy reach of the Broads and Lowestoft.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.—For Sale, Freehold a COUNTRY HOUSE, with Brosely tiled roof and leaded casement windows, in a high and healthy position, conveniently situate for the ancient market town of Beccles, with good train service to London. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, and secondary ...rcase, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Co.'s water.

GROUNDS OF ABOUT 4 ACRES,

comprising tennis lawn, kitchen and flower gardens, orchard, and paddock. A further 6 ...res adjoining can probably be had.

MODERATE PRICE.

—Details on application to HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street. S.W.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL GODSTONE DISTRICT.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

£155 PER ANNUM is all that is asked for an extremely attractive, partly creeper-clad RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive. Outer and inner halls, conservatory, lofty dining room, drawing and morning rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath, and excellent offices.

...MPANY'S WATER AND GAS. SOUTH ASPECT. 2 COTTAGES

...bling for 3. Beautifully disposed and well-timbered old grounds, including tennis and other lawns, 2 kitchen gardens, glasshouses, useful outbuildings, 2 orchards, paddock, and meadow-lands, IN ALL ABOUT 11 ACRES.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Favourite Residential District.

PROFITABLE RESIDENTIAL FARM.

For Sale, with Possession.

HANTS (NEW FOREST BORDERS, OVERLOOKING SOUTHAMPTON WATER).—Capital dairy land, 110 ACRES. Gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing high, with good drive approach.

GLORIOUS UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS.

Large drawing room and dining room, lounge hall, study, offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. New drainage. Good water supply. 2 good cottages. Ample substantial buildings. Stabling. An adjoining 80 acres of rich land, half pasture, can be had if required.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.; NEW YORK and WINNIPEG.

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

GUILDFORD DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer months, or for a term of years, delightful COUNTRY SEAT, centrally placed in a PARK OF 200 ACRES,

and approached by a carriage drive about ½ of a mile long. It stands on gravel soil, faces South, enjoys picturesque views, and contains: suite of reception rooms, 29 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, and ample domestic offices; acetylene gas; good water supply; stabling for 9, coach-house, garage, cottages; very beautiful gardens with fine tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and ample glass. Nearly

1,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING,

notable for its splendid coverts, which are admirably disposed, and ensure high-flying birds; trout fishing.—Detailed particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (F 1,632)

45 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.
3 MILES FROM A MAIN LINE STATION.

THE ABOVE HISTORICAL RESIDENCE,
MAINLY OF THE TUDOR PERIOD,
BUT PARTLY DATING FROM THE XIVTH CENTURY.
Beautiful old panelling, carved staircase, and screen stone-mullioned windows, etc.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED.—The HOUSE is most solidly built, and has been reverently restored in keeping with its character. The accommodation comprises: panelled entrance hall and large inner hall or drawing room with wide open fireplace and finely carved screen, PANELLED DINING ROOM, billiard room, 13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; partly lighted by acetylene gas; excellent STABLING, garage, cottage, etc.; PLEASURE GROUNDS and meadows, in all about 16 ACRES.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL, WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, in perfect order, and commanding delightful views. It is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS.

Exceptionally good stabling for 6; model farmery and dairy, several cottages; the very beautiful grounds include full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, rose garden, and completely walled kitchen garden; rough shooting. The whole Property extends to about 100 acres.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (3,471)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (4,761)

FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be LET, Furnished, the above beautiful old fashioned RESIDENCE, standing over 500ft. above the sea, in a miniature park of 35 acres. The accommodation includes: 4 reception, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample domestic offices; Company's water; modern drainage; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 8; garage; men's rooms; well-timbered grounds, tennis court, rose gardens, orchard, and walled kitchen garden.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (F 841)

COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OVER THE WEALD OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, this picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position. OVER 600FT. ABOVE THE SEA

Part of the House dates back to 1600, is built of very thick walls, and stands in a WELL-TIMBERED PARK of 90 ACRES, FACING SOUTH. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water; HOT-WATER RADIATORS.

STABLING FOR 9. COTTAGE. FARMERY. LOVELY OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS.

2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, extensive wood, and meadow-land, in all about 150 acres. Would be divided.—Full particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (4,680)

WILTSHIRE. 430FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
4 ACRES. 12 BEDROOMS. STABLING, ETC.

£3,250, FREEHOLD, a charming old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, within a mile of a pleasant old market town. The situation is a bracing and cheerful one, and the House in excellent order and thoroughly up to date: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling and farmery; finely timbered grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, and orchard, etc., in all 4 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., New York and Winnipeg. (4,824)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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THE HEAD OF THE ROCKS VALLEY.

BETWEEN LONDON and BRIGHTON.

Probably the most attractive moderate-sized Estate in the market.

THE ROCKHURST ESTATE,

Formerly the Property of the late Sir Richard Farrant,

IS NOW FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY (by order of his Trustees).

IT COVERS A MOST COMPACT AREA OF ABOUT 290 ACRES,

and excels not merely in one attribute, but in many, the combination of which commends the Estate to the notice of intending buyers.

It is within easy motoring distance of London and Brighton, lies in the most charming part of the County of Sussex, occupies a delightful position, bounded by the main Brighton road, and possesses a good moderate-sized

RESIDENCE,

standing 520ft. above sea level, with a complete installation of electric light, and surrounded by

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

THE RESIDENCE.

The House is well sheltered from the North and East, and commands magnificent South and South-West views extending to the South Downs. There is a good supply of excellent soft water. The extent of the Property is singularly convenient, provides an admirable home farm, and includes a good area of delightful woods and thriving plantations. The Estate is equipped with every necessary building, and has some of the best cottages in the county, the whole being in first-class order.

THE PROPERTY INCLUDES A UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE RANGE OF ROCKS SITUATED AMIDST CHARMING WOODLANDS, AND CONSTITUTING A FEATURE OF EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL BEAUTY. THESE ROCKS HAVE LONG BEEN THE WONDER AND STUDY OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS, AND AFFORD A SERIES OF WALKS OF A MOST INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC CHARACTER. Early possession.

—Particulars of KING and CHASEMORE, Horsham; or WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

SYLVAN WALK BY THE ROCKS.

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INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

£1,000.—**WELLINGTON COLLEGE DISTRICT.**—A Gentleman's attractive little RESIDENCE in this favourite district: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, gardens, and paddocks of 3 acres.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A LOW PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED. 35 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

LOVELY CHIPSTEAD.—To be SOLD, charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in perfect repair, with every modern convenience: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, LARGE BILLIARD ROOM; stabling; motor-house; gas and water laid on; heated by radiators. WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES. —Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY HILLS (WOLDINGHAM).—"BIRCHDENE."—An exceptionally well-built Residence in perfect repair.

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

3 large reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; good stabling; several useful outbuildings, greenhouse; LODGE and WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS OF OVER 3 ACRES (an extra 3 acres can be had).—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above PRIVATELY or by AUCTION.

KENT (in the lovely Hawkhurst district).—To be SOLD, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with old oak beams and many interesting features: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling for 2 horses; pretty grounds, with full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard of 1¼ acres. Price £2,200.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,711)

BEAUTIFUL CHISLEHURST COMMON.

CHARMING FREEHOLD FAMILY HOUSE in most attractive grounds of 2½ acres: drawing room (44ft. by 14ft. 8in.), conservatory (20ft. by 14ft.), spacious square hall for full-sized billiard table, library, dining room (23ft. 3in. by 15ft. 9in.), 10 bedrooms, bath, good offices, servants' hall; stabling for 4 horses, coachhouse; dwellings of 4 and 3 rooms for men. Price only £4,500. Rent, £250 per annum.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,670)

ABOUT 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (Ashdown Forest district). — To be SOLD, a quaint half-timbered RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent situation, with a wide extent of views over the Ashdown Forest. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, large drawing room, dining room, smoking room, etc., 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; telephone, Companys' water, main drainage, etc.; stabling and outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are well laid out and comprise terraced garden, flower beds, wilderness garden, etc.—Box K 4,980, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A FAVOURITE PART OF CENTRAL SUSSEX.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY STONE-BUILT HOUSE. —To be SOLD, a fine old House, approached by a carriage drive about ¼ mile in length. The House is in perfect order throughout, and contains: fine lounge hall, dining room, boudoir, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices; petrol gas throughout; inexpensive pleasure grounds, with grand old timber, ornamental water and island; stabling for 3 horses. TOTAL AREA, 27 ACRES. — Box K 4,819, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX. In a pretty and healthy part.

£2,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about

40 ACRES.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land Tax redeemed.—Box K 4,948, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A FINE SPORTING ESTATE OF OVER 700 ACRES. SMALL RESIDENCE. TROUT FISHING. GOOD RENT ROLL. IN THE WESTERN MIDLANDS.

TO BE SOLD, an AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 713 acres, with a Black and White timber Residence, pleasantly situated, commanding magnificent views. Accommodation: 3 reception and 6 bedrooms; the shooting includes grouse, partridge, pheasants, etc.; 4 miles of good trout fishing.—Box K 4,923, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

BRECONSHIRE (near Llanwrtyd Wells), 10 MINUTES' WALK FROM THE FAMOUS SULPHUR AND CHALYBEATE SPRINGS. —The above prettily placed RESIDENCE, in delightfully timbered grounds and gardens: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, etc.; very good and commodious farmery; stabling and motor-house; FARM OF 129 ACRES let at £40 p.a.; PRICE FOR WHOLE, £3,000 only. — Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,740)

RENT £120. PRICE £2,600.

SURREY (GREAT BOOKHAM) —To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above thoroughly well-built, attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, box-room, and good offices; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HALF AN HOUR FROM TOWN (near well-known golf links).—To be SOLD, a comfortable and well-built HOUSE, delightfully situated on the edge of a common, with extensive views. The accommodation comprises—on the ground floor: square hall, dining room, drawing room, morning room, and excellent offices; above are 10 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom, etc.; electric light, main drainage. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, garage, coach-house, etc.; the grounds are finely timbered, and include tennis and croquet lawns, rose pergolas, woodland, etc., in all 5 acres.—Box K 4,925, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

WEST NORFOLK.—Only £1,200 as owner must sell. A convenient, well-built, creeper-clad RESIDENCE, South aspect and commanding an extensive view, containing: lofty lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms (heated by hot-water radiators), bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices; stabling, motor-house. The grounds, comprising 1½ acres, include full-sized tennis lawn, greenhouse, full-sized billiard room, and gun room.—For further particulars, apply to Agent, F. J. RONALD, Belgravia Chambers, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

SURREY (near Camberley).—To be SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing 300ft. above sea level, approached by a finely wooded carriage drive, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; 3 acres of charming grounds, including tennis lawn and kitchen garden. Price £1,900.—For further particulars, apply to the Agent, F. J. RONALD, Belgravia Chambers, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) can offer a choice of

5,000 Houses

in all parts of the Kingdom.

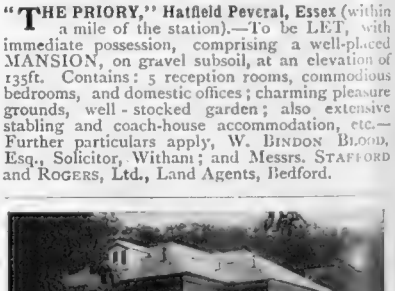
THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

KENT (under a mile from station.) — This picturesque BLACK and WHITE RESIDENCE to LET for the Summer: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception, and lounge hall; stabling for 3; charming old grounds, 4 acres, with exceptionally well-grown trees. RENT, ONLY 7 GNS. PER WEEK.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 514

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, surrounded by charming grounds sloping to the River: 11 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; electric light and all modern conveniences.—Rent and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HATFIELD PEVERAL, ESSEX (3 miles from Witham, 6 from Chelmsford, and 1½ from station, and 60 minutes' ride from London). TO BE LET, with immediate possession, "MOWDEN HALL," pleasantly situated RESIDENCE, with 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good domestic accommodation, tennis lawn, vinery and kitchen garden, etc; coachman's cottage, and excellent stabling; good water supply and drainage. — Further particulars, STAFFORD and ROGERS, Ltd., Bedford.

"THE PRIORY," Hatfield Peveral, Essex (within a mile of the station).—To be LET, with immediate possession, comprising a well-placed MANSION, on gravel subsoil, at an elevation of 135ft. Contains: 5 reception rooms, commodious bedrooms, and domestic offices; charming pleasure grounds, well-stocked garden; also extensive stabling and coach-house accommodation, etc.—Further particulars apply, W. BINDON BLOOD, Esq., Solicitor, Witham; and Messrs. STAFFORD and ROGERS, Ltd., Land Agents, Bedford.



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UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages; golf course 1 mile. —Box K 4,800, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, WITH OR WITHOUT 300 ACRES SHOOTING.

SOMERSET (near Taunton).—A charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing 850ft. above sea level, amid lovely old grounds, with lawns and fish-ponds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms; good stabling; cottage; 11 acres grass, 12 acres wood, 300 acres shooting; convenient for church and post; golf 2 miles; hunting. Rent, from £95 per annum.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

PRETTY LITTLE OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE IN A LOVELY POSITION.

5 minutes' walk from a golf course.
miles from a favourite upper reach of the Thames.
Less than an hour's rail from London.

£1,700, FREEHOLD.—Exceptional little place only for SALE, as owner is leaving England. *The House is in perfect order,* and contains many quaint old features; it stands *320ft. above sea level, on sand and gravel,* and contains: 5 bedrooms, dressing room, hall (open roof), 4 sitting rooms, bathroom, etc.; garage and stable; very pretty grounds, in all just upon 3 acres. —Inspected and very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

GRAND POSITION ON THE CORNISH COAST.

5 miles from Falmouth, and 5 miles from Penryn; convenient for village, etc.

FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE.—A finely situated PROPERTY in perfect order, and approached by long carriage drive. Accommodation: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices; charming grounds of about 10 acres; ample buildings.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W., and at Yeovil.

DORSET, in a choice position, 2 miles from the Coast, with magnificent sea views.
HUNTING WITH THE CATTISTOCK.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.—The above fine old GEORGIAN HOUSE, situate 250 yards back from road with lodge. Accommodation: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices; stabling for 6; garage; charming old gardens and grounds of about 15 acres; cottages; Company's gas and water. Rent, £300 per annum.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and at Yeovil.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

SUSSEX (Wisborough Green, 3 miles from Billingshurst Station).—£900 is asked for a small PLEASURE FARM of about 31 acres, including small house and useful buildings.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

EAST BURNHAM GROVE. BURNHAM BEECHES. BUCKS.

In a lovely neighbourhood close to the celebrated Stoke Poges Golf Links. *½ hour from London by express trains.*

High position, 300ft. above sea level. Lovely views. South aspect.

A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, including old-fashioned Residence, containing: 14 bedrooms, dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, conservatory, ample domestic offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT; HOT-WATER RADIATORS; stabling for 6; farmery; 2 cottages; the grounds are exceedingly beautiful and grandly timbered, and in all the property comprises about 9 acres.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above by AUCTION, on May 4 next, unless sold privately in the meantime.—Illustrated particulars may be obtained in due course from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, London, W. —Solicitors, Messrs. RADFORD and FRANKLAND, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

CHARMING HOUSE AND 1,825 ACRES SHOOTING.

SOMERSET, *in a grand position, 600ft. above sea level, on the slopes of the Mendips, with splendid views.*

£300 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, *including shooting.*—The above charming PROPERTY, including an imposing Residence, standing in a grandly timbered park of about 50 acres. Accommodation: 15 bedrooms, 1 bathroom, sitting hall, 4 reception rooms, good domestic offices; gas and water laid on; ample stabling; delightful old gardens.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

WILTS, in a beautiful situation near a station, and about 4 miles from Dauntsey (2 hours from London by express trains).

FOR SALE, charming old-fashioned HOUSE, in a high position, 300ft. above sea level; entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices; stabling for 10 horses; cottage; delightful old grounds of about 16 acres, with ornamental lake. Low price.

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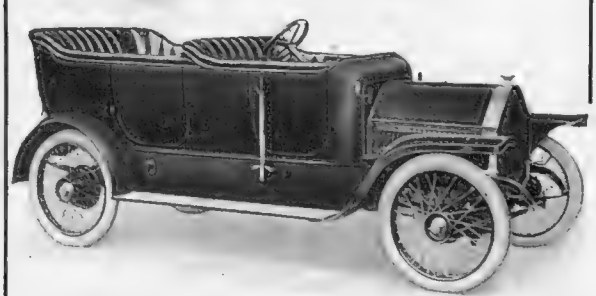

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recruit is Mr. Graham Gilmour, whose exploits on his Big Bat monoplane will be very familiar to the *habitué* of Brooklands. He discovers in the Bristol machines aeroplanes of sound construction, reliable in flight, and of easy control, and he, therefore, enrols himself, like an excellent judge, in ranks which already include Captain Bertram Dickson, J. J. Hammond (who is at the moment astonishing the natives in Australia with his fine flights), H. M. Jullerot (who demonstrated the possibilities of the aeroplane for military work while he was attached to the Indian Army), Maurice Tetard (who recently rounded Salisbury spire, and whose name is in the bright lexicon of every youthful aviator), Herbert I. Thomas (the youngest flier in Great Britain), Messrs. Sidney E. Smith, A. B. Low, M.A. (chief instructor at Brooklands), G. R. Challenger, Leslie MacDonald (now with the Australian Commission), A. Knight—and others. Indeed, it looks as if the British and Colonial Company is after effecting a corner in aviatory talent, although that is not a matter which need greatly trouble us. We are only concerned with the contribution the firm is undoubtedly making to the establishment of the British industry and the British machine on even terms with France, and to the evolution of the science. That contribution demands acknowledgment here, and I here make it—cordially.

A Viceregal Vehicle

The second Rolls-Royce supplied to the Earl of Minto, K.G. The first, used in India, has drawn high eulogy from the Military Secretary to the Viceroy. The fine limousine landaulette body illustrated is by Barker and Co.

In Compression

The Directors of the Company having the concession of the Imperia have also faith and foresight, and the pluck necessary to take time by the forelock. I have referred to the Imperia car before in these columns. It is a splendidly efficient vehicle, and has drawn nothing but approval from the most captious of engineering experts. Its record in practice confirms every word of praise accorded it as a workshop job. Basing the future of the vehicle upon the promise of present demand, and recognising in addition the large need for a centrally situated and well-equipped garage, the firm has taken spacious premises for the joint purpose at 76, York Street, Buckingham Gate, and has transformed them into (*a*) an excellent showroom for the Imperia car, (*b*) finely fitted offices for the business of both car and garage, and (*c*) one of the best-appointed garages to be found in London to-day. Stores for spares, repair shops, dressing-rooms—everything likely to be required by any motorist (lady or gentleman) making a temporary or a prolonged halt, while the accommodation for the lordly chauffeur, which includes a fine clubroom, billiard table, magazines, lockers, and the like, should make him feel that he has not lived in vain. Coronation visitors will find the Imperia garage very grateful and comforting.

The Ascent of the Argyll

Illustrative of the character of the ground over which Argyll colonial chassis are tested and the clearance afforded by this model

"Everything for the motorist" is an ambitious title for a catalogue, but if the new car itself is excluded, the claim is established very thoroughly in Gamage's new list. It is a book of near upon 500 pages, copiously illustrated and handily indexed, and covers everything accessory to car and occupant. A desirable acquisition to the shelf of any motorist. Write Gamage's, "The Motorists' Mecca," Holborn.

The Austin Company reports a demand for Austin cars which is severely taxing its resources. The 15 h.-p. and 18-24 h.-p. models, to which further improvements will shortly be added, are the models mostly in demand, although the 40 h.-p. and six-cylinder 50 h.-p. receive their share of attention. The popular little 7 h.-p. two-seater is also selling well. This is good news. Austin is a name to conjure with in the circle of the car connoisseur. That the Company should come to so satisfactory a reward was inevitable. That it will even better its position within the limits of the market is also inevitable so long as the vehicle is maintained in the front rank of efficiency that it occupies so worthily to-day—and of that the enterprise of the Company and the machinery of production are guarantees.

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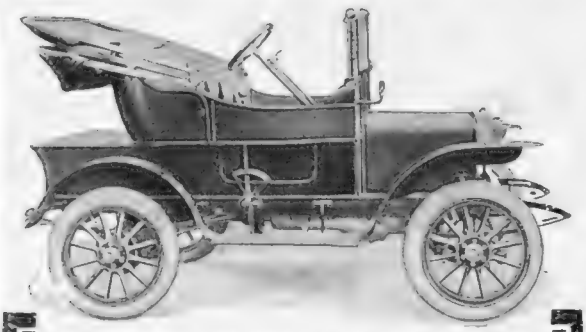

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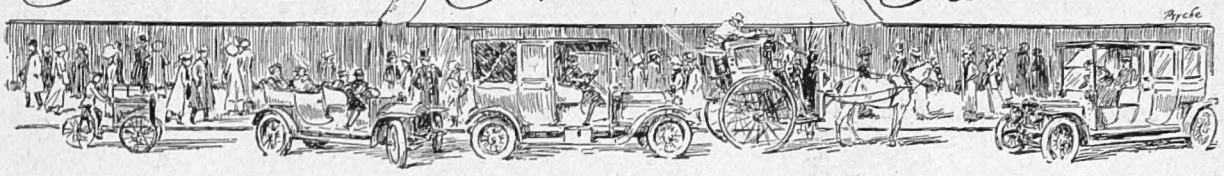

By MRS. JACK MAY

WHEN these words appear in print we shall be in the midst of the much-talked-of, abused, praised, laughed at, and seriously taken "All-British Shopping Week." Oh, dear! What will be the end of it?

As I walked down Regent Street the other afternoon—a fine day, by the way—and was jostled and buffeted from side to side by the crowd of women who always seem to drop down from the skies during these early days of spring to wander aimlessly along, shop-gazing, my hopes dropped to zero as to the possibility of the large majority caring a whit where their woollens and cottons and silks, etc., came from. Life is lived at such a flustering rate nowadays, the percentage of the women shopping during this eventful week, and having care and interest to inquire as to the sources of their purchases, will, if I know anything, be extraordinarily small.

On the other hand, those who are interested in the movement will have their eyes opened pretty considerably as to what England can and is doing, and what she will not. The trades, such as ribbon, lace, and hosiery, she has allowed to slip away to foreign countries, but there has been an extraordinary revival during the past few years of such industries as silk and woollens, these largely influenced by the superior knowledge and use of dyes. However, enough, and more than enough, has been written about the whole movement, and I have simply touched on it to urge those who really care to know not only about the industries of the British Isles, but how we stand in relation to other lands to profit by the opportunities. The really sound Tariff Reformer is surely a Free Trader in that he is prepared to admit the economic advantage of each land producing its best.

Ingénue Frock

An advance model for a cool summer frock of striped *foulard*, chestnut-brown and white, veiled in brown *marquisette*, with a waist-belt and flat bow of black velvet

The Making of Gems

Among those specially privileged to be taken behind the scenes the other day and into the story of how some of the Tecla gems are produced at the firm's new London depôt in Old Bond Street, I am constrained to say a few words, from the woman's point of view, of the increasing need of comparatively inexpensive artificial jewels. Unquestionably Professor Tecla has brought to the highest point of perfection the production of artificial gems, such as sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, and, of course, pearls; but the latter is rather another story.

Briefly, the method he pursues is as follows. In the case of the ruby the chief component part comprises ruby dust, chippings of the real stone pulverised to the finest powder. We were shown how this powder is deposited in a sieve receptacle at the top of an apparatus and subsequently blown down a pipe at short regular intervals on to a cone-shaped point in a crucible, technically known as a chalumean, heated by a gas flame, and raised to an immense temperature by oxygen. The dust, through the influence of this intense heat, forms itself into a hard mass; in fact, a reconstructed ruby, which can be cut and polished and generally handled like the genuine stone.

For sapphires, in lieu of gem dust, there is used alumine, the chief ingredient of that stone, while the process of producing emeralds is different again.

For his pearls, Tecla takes as his basis mother-of-pearl. Pieces of this are shaped and pierced, and then dipped into a secret composition some twenty times, with intervals for drying and hardening between, the result producing a pearl that, in colour, lustre, weight, and touch, is only to be detected by the keenest expert eye from the product of the oyster, and then only on the closest inspection. A Tecla necklace in wear is not to be detected.

And this brings me back to my text of why imitation gems are on the increase. Rapid changes of fashion are at the root of the matter. Women in the mid-Victorian age might have been divided into those possessing heavily mounted antiquated heirlooms composed of precious stones, and those who boasted, at most, a filigree gold brooch, probably set with hair, and a ponderous gold watch-chain.

But what a different story to-day. First rubies in the ascendant, then emeralds, turquoises, constant changes in the style of ornament, as witness the fashionable plaque of the moment, and the effective square setting of rings. Well, even in these days of multi-millionaires it is wholly impossible to keep pace with all these vagaries of fashion, dealing all the time in precious stones. Say, for example, a woman buys a thousand pound genuine necklace to-day, and for some reason wishes to dispose of it in a year's time, because it is too big, or too small, or too short, or too something, the first loss she will encounter will be 40 per cent. commission charged by the jeweller, that at once reduces the necklace £400 in actual market value, and, secondly, the change in style must necessarily detract from the worth. Whereas, with such perfect reproductions as Tecla's gems one can secure precisely the desired effect at the moment at a mere bagatelle of an outlay, comparatively speaking.

Exhibits at the Tecla Laboratory, where a Public Demonstration of the Method of Making Rubies was Recently Given

The contents of the jar are real ruby particles crushed to powder—the raw material of the reconstituted ruby. The other exhibits are stones after being cut and the finished and mounted gems

A Beautiful Gown by Paquin

Almost simultaneously with Mme. Paquin's annual visit to Dover Street there was produced *One of the Dukes* at the Playhouse, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle is, as usual, gowned by Paquin. Immensely original and replete with beautiful line is the first confection worn by Miss Carlisle of pale blue *charmeuse*, on which a delicate *broderie* of rose silk is introduced. The blue *charmeuse* is draped from the right shoulder across the front, round to the back, revealing an effective waist-line of smooth black satin, the skirt repeating this *mouvement* with the colours reversed. The rose note is again found in little under-sleeves of chiffon.

Always admirably becoming to Miss Carlisle, the second gown is effected in a delicate shade of pink. Chiffon veiling an under-dress of *charmeuse* provides the chief feature of the scheme, a panel of fine guipure being introduced either side from the waist downwards on each side, and continued in the form of a deep border across the back of the skirt. About the rounded collar comes a transparent one of black tulle, forming a deep point in front, a *ceinture* of pink satin finishing the waist, concluding at the back in a large drooping bow.

An Original Idea

John Wilson's Successors, Ltd., have carried out a truly British idea at 188, Regent Street, which should attract a good deal of attention. At the back of their large window is a map of the British Isles. In front are numerous specimens of their famous "Heirloom" table linen, the finest of hand-loom sheeting, bleached and unbleached towels, house linens, curtains from Nottingham and Kilmarnock, blankets from Witney and Scotland, lace and handkerchiefs from Ireland, and many others. Attached to each specimen is a priced descriptive label, and a ribbon on this is carried up to that spot on the map from whence it comes. Map, tickets, and ribbon are all blue. Nearly all the firm sells comes from some part of the British Isles, and their striking window will be a small lesson in geography. Their smaller window will be devoted to Irish lace, handkerchiefs, etc., and the background will be an Irish harp, surmounted by a crown.

Bournemouth for Sunshine

Bournemouth and the New Forest are among the few places where one can be sure of at least some sunshine at this time of the year, and a week-end in the district can work wonders for the over-worked City man. Nor need the distance from Town worry him, as a glance at the London and South Western Railway time-table will prove. A fast and comfortable run down, with well-served lunch or dinner on board, a good choice of excellent hotels when one gets there, and, best of all, the absence of the biting cold winds from which Londoners have been suffering of late, make quite an alluring little programme for the busy and brain-fagged week-ender.

A Coronation Souvenir

A most striking and handsome Coronation medal has been struck by Mr. Joseph Fray, the well-known manufacturing jeweller and medallist of Birmingham. Persons anxious to secure a memento of this great occasion are advised to write immediately to Mr. Fray, whose address is 36, Albion Street, Birmingham.

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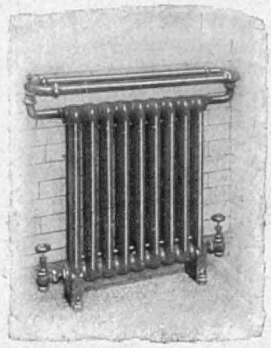

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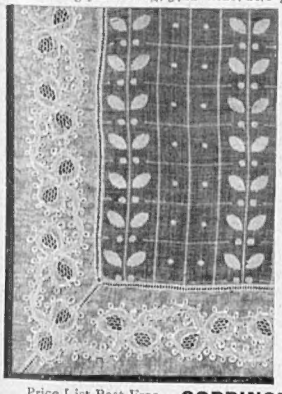

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The Menu: SOME EVERYDAY SAVOURIES

Cod's Roe Savoury (Hot)

Boil ¼lb. of cod's roe and let it get cold, then put it in a mortar and pound it, add a tablespoonful of butter, a shake of black pepper, a large pinch of salt, a very small quantity of cayenne, and a dust of allspice. Mix well, put a small piece of butter in a stewpan, and when it melts, stir in the roe, adding a squeeze of lemon, make very hot, and serve on rounds of fried bread.

Bloater Roe Savoury (Cold)

Take 2oz. of cooked bloater roe and pound it in a mortar with two anchovies, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and 2oz. of butter, a pinch of pepper and one of mace; pass through a sieve. Pile on croûtons of buttered toast, garnish, and serve cold.

Flaked Haddock (Hot)

Take any remains of cooked haddock (fresh or dried), put them in a pan with 2oz. of butter, pepper and salt. Warm this thoroughly. Cut out some rounds of bread, fry them in butter, spread them with chutney or anchovy paste, heap up the cooked fish on the croûtons, and serve very hot, garnished with yolk of egg pressed through a sieve, and finely chopped parsley on every alternate heap.

Sardine Puffs (Hot)

Skin and bone the sardines and place the two sides together. Lay them in a mixture composed of one tablespoonful of salad oil, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of anchovy essence, one teaspoonful of French mustard, and a very little cayenne. Leave them for five minutes, then remove them, and lay each sardine separately on a square of puff paste rolled very thin, fold over one side of the paste to make puffs, and moisten the lower edge with cold water, pressing the two sides firmly together. Place in a quick oven (400deg.), and bake from five to ten minutes.

Anchovy Bonnes-Bouches (Cold)

Fillet some anchovies, cut them in thin strips, and put them in a dish with some shredded lettuce, small radishes, capers, thin slices of lemon, and chopped parsley. Arrange them tastily, season with lemon-juice mixed with salad oil, garnish with stoned olives filled with anchovy butter and the yolks and whites of hard-boiled eggs.

Savoury Sandwiches

Cut thin slices of brown bread (or Standard) and butter, and remove the crust. Spread some shred lettuce, then some mayonnaise sauce, then some thin pieces of cold chicken, ham, or tongue, on half the number of slices; cover with the remaining slices. Cut into rounds, and decorate each sandwich with a little sieved yolk of egg.

EMILIA.

Byron in Greece

"The barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave."

Thus is described a portion of the Acarnanian coast visited by Lord Byron with his friend, Hobhouse, in 1809. They sailed from Falmouth on June 26 of that year. The great poet was then but twenty one years of age, yet had already embarked upon a career of literature which was to make him as one of the great ones of the earth. Quickly did Byron learn to love the Greeks. As he himself said, he gave to Greece his time, his wealth, and even his life. The Greeks are a wonderful race. Not only as sculptors, poets, and orators do they excel. The modern Greek is an agriculturist of the finest type. That is why we are enabled to enjoy the delicious Greek Currant. Greece is the only country which can produce successfully the seedless little grape. It is the special provision of Nature, coupled with the industry of the Greeks, which supplies us with a fruit food replete with virtue and merit. Currants should be used every day all the year round.

The Editor's Box

Carpet Soap

With the advent of spring and the inevitable cleaning which the majority of us anticipate with some forebodings, it is good to know of any agent that can be relied upon to lighten our labours. Those of our readers who do not know Chivers' Carpet Soap must make its acquaintance at once, and will find good cause to remember our recommendation. Its effect on the carpet is nothing short of marvellous, eradicating the dirt and stains and restoring the original colour without in any way damaging the fabric. The application of the soap is very simple, just a little of the soap, a damp cloth, and the matter is accomplished. It is, perhaps, sufficient to indicate that Chivers' Carpet Soap has now been used by the public with the greatest success for over half a century, and is even now gaining fresh admirers every day.

Nature's Undiscovered Secret

It has long been recognised by physicians that iron is Nature's great specific for anæmia and those distressing disorders which arise from impoverishment of the blood, but the many artificial tonics are, for the most part, little more assimiliable than French nails or iron filings. For some undiscovered reason the human system prefers a natural water in which the salts of iron are combined with Nature's inimitable skill, and of all these waters those of Levico take pride of place. Deep in the heart of the rocky mountain caverns of the Southern Tyrol spring the waters which have made Levico famous throughout Europe. Here, in her own secret laboratory, Nature has mixed the health-renewing salts of iron and arsenic with a natural water. So skilful is her alchemy that these invaluable constituents of Levico Water pass without the slightest difficulty into the blood, increasing the quality and quantity of the corpuscles, restoring the blush of health to the pale complexion, and providing the long-needed cure for anæmia and its kindred complaints. By the enterprise of the medical gentlemen who have interested themselves in the springs, it is no longer indispensable for the sufferer to join the fashionable throng at Levico as this famous water can now be obtained in bottle, just as it issues from the springs, and, fortunately, its wonderful curative properties are fully preserved.

A Charity Ball

A grand fancy dress ball in aid of the funds of the London Homœopathic Hospital will be held on Thursday, March 30, at the Empress Rooms, Kensington Palace Hotel, Dancing 9 to 4 a.m. Tickets (which will include supper and light refreshments), 15s. each. Applications for tickets in all cases must be accompanied by a remittance, and should be addressed to Edward A. Attwood, Esq., Secretary of the London Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Financiers, Please Note!

A London actress of established reputation, having acquired a brilliant new comedy by the author of a previous London success, seeks financial co-operation for West-End production. Highest references given and required. Address, Comedy, care of Samuel French, 26, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

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